C-221-54

Wm Bronscombe 2.0206

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLI. No. 13 MONTREAL, APRIL 6, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Voices of the Sea.

The sea is the sailor's Bible. In it are recorded the power and wisdom and beauty of God. The mighty mystery of the depths below them, the burning stars in the heights above them, and the storm-swept surface and the vast wastes would have an appeal to the souls of the men who go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters. The sea is the sailor's sanctuary, the sea is the sailor's organ where he hears played every music from lullaby to Hallelujah Chorus, the infinite thunder of the storm and the rattle and shock of the hurricane.

COLUMBUS IN SIGHT OF THE NEW WORLD.
(From an old print.)

The sea seems to belong to God in a peculiar sense. Man pretends to own the land, but over the sea he exercises no permanent dominion. Man's ships leave no tracks as they cross it. Man cannot possess it. It spurns his puny strength and laughs him to scorn.

The first voice of the sea heard by mortal man is, I suppose, the message of infinity. Its boundlessness suggests the eternal. Its unfathomable billows of intimations of infinite power. Its fathomless depths speak of a fathomless God. Its tireless motion is a figure of the endurance of Him Who holds in the hollow of His hand those ceaseless waves.

No greater deeds have been done than those which have been wrought upon the sea.

We need the same daring and discipline and character and skill. Our world is also a world of peril, requiring hardship and the Columbus spirit. Life is an adventure, and only those arrive and brave the dangers and accept the sacrifices leading to the larger and diviner country. We, too, must 'sail on and on and on.' For we are all like Columbus, sailing west and sailing into the unknown. That there is land ahead we firmly believe. We cannot see it, but anon we see signs of it, we have intimations of another country, even a heavenly. The spiritual Columbus must be full of faith, undaunted, patient, brave, never think of turning back.

When I look upon the sea I am impressed with the thought that God is a great accountant. Not a drop can be lost. It may change its form and place, but it cannot fail. Are we not of more value than many drops of the sea? Will the Eternal be responsible for the minutest quantity like that and then lose all trace of you, a thinking, longing, praying intelligence? Will he lose all trace of you, a spiritual son of the Eternal? If God can speak to the sea bird and bid it make its homeward voyage, can He not speak to your soul? Is He vocal to the creatures He has made and dumb to the immortal sons whom He has begotten?

The heart-hunger, the disturbed conscience, the noble impulse, the inspiring hope, the high resolve, the home-sickness for an abiding place beyond the storms of life, what are those but God offering Himself to your soul out on the sea of life and telling you to get ready for the voyage home?

Christ will not always calm the storm, but Christ will always calm the soul in the midst of the storm, and that is better. Believe in Him, trust in His word, rest on His power, surrender to His love, look up through the night of the storm, knowing that God stands charged with the welfare of every child of His, knowing the harbor is yonder.

'Blow, winds of God, to bring us on our way;
We set our sails to catch thee if we may.
The night is dark with storm and tossing spray,
And yet we trust the morning, and we say—
Blow, winds of God, and bring us on our way.'
—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Old Pew-opener.

(London 'Christian World.')

'Don't go to-day, William; you are really not able, and the weather is not fit.'

It was one of those cold, wet days which come occasionally in some of our summers, days when it would be a pleasure to sit by lighted fires and pretend that the winter had returned.

The old man shook his head, while his wife stood with her hand on his shoulder, trying to persuade him.

'I never missed for over forty years,' he said. 'The old chapel was never open but I was there. No matter what the weather was, I was certain to be in my place. Oh Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy House, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth!'

The wife turned away, and tears were in her eyes. She was alarmed about her husband. He was not himself. There was a strange look on his face, and a trembling of his limbs which filled her with anxiety.

'That is all the more reason why you should not go to-day. You did your duty by the old chapel; it is time they let somebody else

do it now they have a new one. It is only right for you to rest.'

'Rest!' he said. 'But God's house is the house of rest. I have sat in that old corner and forgotten all my troubles hundreds of times, and God has often had something to say to me that He did not say to the rest of the folk. Aye, how I loved that old place! It was like heaven to me!'

'But the old chapel is gone, William, and the brand new one in its place might have a new pew-opener to-day if you did not go.'

'Yes, I know. The deacons would like to do it themselves, I can see that! But the people know me. They wouldn't feel so much at home if I didn't put them into their pews. Forty years, and never missed a morning or an evening! Fetch me my boots, and let me go, Mary.'

'It pours with rain,' objected his wife.

'Have I ever let the rain stop me or the wind or the snow or the sun? Don't hinder me now, Mary; it is time to get ready.'

His wife fetched his boots and he put them on, though he was a long time doing it. She made herself ready to accompany him, and they went together through the streets. He walked very unsteadily, and she watched him closely lest he should fall. He muttered to himself, and laughed at his own thoughts and words several times.

'Aye, what a job it was to find room for them all! I don't know where to put you, I used to say, and I kept them waiting in the aisle, broadcloth and fustian, calico and satins all alike together. 'Find me a place, William, I am only a little one,' they used to say, and I pushed them in; yes, I pushed them all in.' yes, I pushed them all in.'

'There is room enough now in that big new chapel,' said his wife.

'Not too much though,' he replied, testily; 'our minister can fill a bigger place than that, I warrant you.'

When they reached the chapel the crowd had already begun to assemble, and the two youngest deacons were at the door showing individuals into the pews.

'Late!' said William. 'Why, I was never late before. That clock must be wrong.'

The deacons glanced at each other as the old man came up and began pushing the people right and left to make a way for himself.

'I don't know where you are all to go,' he said, 'but I will do my best endeavors to find you places.'

Many smiled when they saw him. They knew him and his gruff manners very well, and could always count upon his kindness. But the deacons looked a little worried. They had talked the matter over and decided that some one more polished than William should be found to take his place. They did not want to hurt the old man's feelings, but still they were quite resolved to bring about that which was best for the chapel.

William pushed past one of them, beckoning with his finger to several persons who had appealed to him for places, and he marched them up toward the front of the chapel. The deacon tried to intervene, but could not, lest there should be a scene, for a look of grim determination had settled on the old man's face.

'You have put those people in Mr. Jones's pew, and he has visitors; he will not be very pleased at that!' remarked the deacon.

'Mr. Jones's pew? Ah! well, he shouldn't have changed it. He used to sit on the other side. I can't remember all people's fads about their new seats. This new chapel bothers me!'

He marched off with another set, and the deacon waited until he returned.

'It is not that we want to get rid of you, William,' he said, 'we know how much you have done for the church and the old chapel, but don't you think you had better rest a little until you get more used to the new place and the changed seats?'

'Forty years, and I never missed a service, can you say that?'

'No, I cannot. I am not forty years old yet.'

'Well, I am, and a good deal more. And I never went away for a Sunday's holiday in my life, never—not once for more than forty years.'

'It is a wonderful record.' Silence fell upon the vestibule as well as in the chapel, for the minister had taken his place in the pulpit and had risen to pray. William closed the door and stood with his back to it, erect and resolute. His mind was perturbed, and his body was full of pain, but though he did not close his eyes, nor bow his head, the prayer tranquillised him.

A few people gathered in the lobby during the prayer, and he conducted them to seats, and then took his own at the door. He had nearly quarrelled with the deacons about this. He wanted to sit in the old wooden chair which he had occupied for the forty years of his service, but they wanted nothing old in the new place. Neither side was disposed to yield, but at length a compromise was effected, it was the same old chair, newly stained and varnished.

It held the pew-opener that morning for the last time, though he was not conscious of it. His seat was behind all the others, but those who sat nearest looked at him curiously several times. He did not stand to sing as was his custom, and once he was observed to walk aimlessly half-way up the aisle and back again. As the sermon proceeded his face lighted with pleasure, and there was a far-away look in his eyes as if they saw beyond the near and the present.

When the service was over and the congregation streamed past him, many smiled their recognition upon the old man, and turned to look at him again because of something new in his face.

He was glad when his wife appeared.

'I suppose you are not ready to go with me?' she said, but he replied by putting his hand on her arm, and walking away. He did not answer when she spoke to him, until they reached the house. Then he fell into his chair with a sigh of weariness.

'Take off my boots, Mary,' he said, 'I shall not want them again. And the deacons don't want me any longer, after more than forty years, and never missed once. Ah, what a crowd there is! What a beautiful crowd! What shall I do with you all? No no. I don't mean that. Come along in. There is room for us all in the Father's House, all and everyone come along all of you. I will take you in.' Then he looked at his wife as if half-conscious that something was wrong. 'What was I saying, Mary? O, I know what I wanted to say: 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness.'

Responsibility.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd! No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby!
The spirits of just men made perfect on high—
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own—
Know this, surely, at last! Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary—
The heart they have sadden'd—the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo, 'He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!'

—Lytton.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Mrs. A. Gillanders, Highgate, $2.00; M. Love, Moray, $1.00; Mr. and Mrs. W. Banks, Spring Lake, Alta, $8.00; Simon A. Campbell, Brooklyn, P.E.I., 25 cents; Geo. G. Sepple:, Tavistock, $1.00; total, $12.25.

'Papa's Prayers.'

A great many people are spending their breath praying when they ought to be materializing their prayers. Are you one of them? It is useless to pray down blessings upon your pastor, or the poor and needy, when your granaries and larders are fairly bursting with them. The following may be a timely hint:

Sickness came one year to the poorly-paid pastor of a country church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household, there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer-boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

'What do you want, boy?' asked one of the elders.

'Pa couldn't come, so I've brought his prayers,' replied the boy.

'Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?'

'Yes, brought his prayers, and they're out in the waggon. Just help me, an' we'll get 'em in.'

Investigation disclosed the fact that 'pa's prayers' consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, oatmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned at short notice.—'Gospel Banner.'

Don't Trifle With Death.

The suddenness with which death may overtake a man was never illustrated in a more real or terrible manner than in the following instance: Archbishop Leighton was travelling in Scotland one day, when he came across two men of bad character, who were determined to get some money from him, although they had not the courage to rob him openly. As soon as they spied his Grace approaching in the distance, one said: 'I will lie down by the wayside here as if I were dead, and you can inform the Archbishop that I was killed by the lightning' (a thunder-storm was raging at the time), 'then no doubt he will give you something towards my burial.' This wicked intent was put into practice, and the Archbishop, on coming up, sympathized with the survivor and gave him some money, and then recommenced his journey. When the man, however, returned to his companion, he found him really dead. 'Oh, Sir!' he cried out to the Archbishop, 'he is dead! he is dead!' And his Grace then learnt the fraud which had been practised upon him, and its terrible result. It is a dangerous thing indeed to trifle with the judgments of God.—Helen C. Tancock.

LOYAL CANADIANS

Are Going to Wear a Maple Leaf on Dominion Day Next.

It is fitting that in these days of growth and prosperity we do more than we have been in the habit of doing by way of celebrating our great national holiday. Dominion Day is a great day because it commemorates the confederation of Upper and Lower Canada, and the laying of the plans for the larger nation that now is—and the larger still that soon will be.

It is the more necessary that we cultivate a pride in our great Dominion that we may the more speedily infuse the great hordes that are coming to our fair land with a like pride. Many of them speak a strange tongue and have stranger ideas, but they can see a flag, and they can see a maple leaf, and these will tell them of the love and pride that we have for our country, and they soon will hoist the Canadian Flag and wear the Canadian Emblem with a like enthusiasm.

With this in view we have ordered a large supply of very beautifully colored maple leaf brooches and stick or cravat pins, in hard enamel and inlaid. See announcement on back page. The latter part of the announcement will greatly interest scholars of day and Sunday Schools.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

By special arrangement with the National Temperance Society and Publication House, who hold the American Copyright.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

But the soul of the lately communistic Rasmus was drawn to this defiant master who failed to be heard. A new man rose within him, first from the simple consciousness that he could be heard if he chose. Close to the office were two buildings, between which, at the second story, was a heavy beam. To reach this beam from the outside was a thing which no one ever thought of attempting; it was to go up the face of the wall and around a jut by the insufficient aid afforded by ends of beams and portions of iron stanchions and rods where a building had been taken down from between the two left standing. Rasmus addressed himself to this task, and the mob soon saw an athletic stranger going up these perilous ways that seemed only fit for a fly to travel. The strength and address displayed at every motion held them breathless, and when finally he had reached the beam, and stood erect and triumphant, far overhead, the crowd sent up a hearty shout. But if the muscular skill of Rasmus had carried the onlookers by storm, yet more did his tremendous lung-force astound them as he roared at them heartily, 'Let the best fellow talk! If any man can climb higher or holler louder than me, let him; if there ain't no such a man, listen to me. Them's fine remarks that fat man has been a-makin' down on the bar'l! He wants you to be all as brothers and divide up and have things common; and good it sounds. I mind in tellin' you what ought to be divided: he never mentioned what come in his line; he didn't say the whiskey and beer ought to be free to you all without pay, of the company's works ought. It's well for him to talk about wages. Does he earn wages? He lives on wages, on your wages. And if you'll cast up in your minds, them as shares their wages most with him has the raggedest clothes, the poorest victuals, the meanest-looking wives and children, and the wust houses. He told you what a brother he had been to all of you, a-buyin' of Tim Jenks' coffin and paying for his hearse. But I asks of you, what so wonderful charitable was it in a tradesman to box up and carry home his own goods? I'm told Tim Jenks died in the rum-shop so full that he was more rum than man, poor critter; and whose goods was he then, I asks? Now, that's enough for him and his views about dividing up of propputty. Then, brothers all and pardners dear, about this other little matter, I says it plain, right you was to ask for more wages when you didn't get enough, and right the company is to give it to you, and right you are to belong to a union if so be it helps you, and you does enjoy it. We're free people, and we acts accordin'; and, brothers all, seeing these is your opinions, and that every man should follow out his own idees and have his liberty to choose for hisself, you takin' that liberty for yourself, right you are, and uncommon handsome you looks takin' ten of your workin' brothers by the neck and pitchin' of them into the gutter, denyin' of 'em work 'cause they don't feel inclined to join your league! Free workingmen is we all; we chooses our own kind of work, and we picks out our own wives, and we buys what we likes for our houses, and if we has any reasons that suits ourselves for not joining a league we gets turned into heathen paupers! O, I've heard said there's no crueller tyrant to a workingman than a workingman. I don't believe that, pardners all, for there's whiskey to the fore. I've heard say that workingmen gets more kicks from their kind than from their bosses, but I don't believe it. Don't I see your kindness and your generosity here this day? Don't I see you going back on your work and kicking up a row just to get ten honest workingmen put into the street, their wives made hungry, their babies put in tatters—not for any ill turns, not for thieving or drinking—only 'cause being free men they chose not to join your Order, and you being free men chose to join! Brothers all, I say three cheers for the Order, and let them as ain't in stay out till they get ready to join.' Whereupon, poised high on his dizzy eminence, Rasmus executed a 'pas seul' which 'brought down his house.'

The mob cheered itself into a good humor. Then came from sheer exhaustion a lull, a silence that might be felt, and the master thought his time had come to speak.

'My men: I gave you what you asked for yourselves, because it seemed right for you to have it; but these works may stand idle till all their timbers crumble into dust before I will be guilty of the iniquity of discharging honest and faithful workmen merely on account of their opinions. I am no persecutor. You may belong to what creed you like, what political party you like, and what society or order you like, and you may refuse to belong to any, and that shall never be a reason for discharge; but what men, and what place has been a school for strife I see, and I'll rent no more stands to liquor-dealers.'

CHAPTER XI.

The Making of a Man.

'And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies.

The movement for the dismission of the non-union workmen had not proceeded freely from the whole body of employees, and their natural sense of justice had in many instances revolted from it. The current of opinion was now setting strongly against this piece of social tyranny. The mob broke up into little knots for discussion; the leaders of the movement retired to their headquarters for further consideration, and it was generally considered that peace would be restored, and the men return to their work, on the basis of the terms which they had at first proposed, and which the company had accepted.

Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney, having nothing more to see or hear, moved out of the crowd, and up the road that led from the town. They were soon joined by Rasmus in a state of happy unconsciousness that he had made himself conspicuous. But they had not gone far, when a 'Ho! there!' stayed their steps, and they saw a robust and gray-haired workingman following them. He held out his hand to Rasmus, and gavt him a wrm shake. 'You spoke my views exactly. That is the way workingmen should feel. I'm one of the bosses here. I've come up from a little ragged, barefoot orphan, making my pennies by bringing water and dinner-pails from the men. We men who have always worked ought to know what we are talking about. Where are you going so fast?'

'We're trotting along 'bout our general gait,' said Rasmus; 'we're going to New York!'

'To New York!'

'Yes,' said Rasmus, blandly. 'This here boy is going to find his uncle, and get sent to college to load up his head. This old gentleman is a science-man, and is going to New York to print a book, all along of flowers and birds; and then, you see, they ain't neither of 'em so very big, and I'm a man of muscle, so I goes along to warn off dogs and loafers,, and any such wild animals that comes by.'

The 'boss' looked as if he found this a queer company, but he persisted in his friendly communications.

'Come, come; it's four o'clock. I consider you've done us good service to-day. We want to know more of you. So does the company. I've got a trig little house down yonder, and a smart wife, and a pretty family. Come back, all of you, till to-morrow morning, and let us be friendly.'

Rasmus heard the invitation, and with a longing eye turned to his comrades. He was a social soul, and, like the old Athenians, always ready to hear or tell some new thing.

'By all means, if you wish,' said the naturalist.

'I'm agreed,' said Rodney.

So they all followed the 'boss' to his little white cottage.

'Here you are!' cried the house-mistress, who had topped her gray hair with a new pink-ribboned cap, and tied a white apron over her check gown. 'Hearty welcome you are! come in, come in! Bless my life, what a pretty boy this is; like a picter. There, Thomas'll put by all your things. Take chairs. I've got a glass of lemonade ready. You, sir, must be tired of speaking! Such a shouting as you made I never heard, and your ideas did me good! O you spoke most beautiful!'

Rasmus was the hero of the hour. He was called 'sir;' had the best chair and the first glass of lemonade. He swelled with gratified pride, until he seemed a third as large again as usual, which was needless, for he was one of the sons of Anak at his most humble times.

'You gave our notions exactly about whiskey,' said the garrulous house-mistress. 'O we've seen it, him and me,' with a side nod at her Thomas. 'Wasn't he left a poor orphan along of it? His first wife, dear soul, died of a great overdose, give her by a nurse, which same brought on fever, and died she did. My first husband died in an awful way from drink, heaven help him, and left me with a baby only a week old. Thomas had a girl of only eight, and a bit of a small baby. Well, next year, when he asked me to undertake the care of him and the children, I says, "Thomas, married folks should be agreed in their views, I sez, and we agree as to whiskey.' 'Right you are, Mary Jane," says he, being no great of a talker. But, law! I've never wanted for anything with Thomas—here's his daughter Sally coming in. She's a milliner.'

In came Sally, a bouncing, rosy lass, in a 'gown of sprinkled pink,' a pair of smiling gray eyes, and a row of the whitest of teeth, shown in the frankest of smiles.

'My girl,' says boss Thomas Crew, simply and Sally smiled all around, and shook hands with Rod, as offering the safest investment for that courtesy. But Rasmus rose up to Sally, and eclipsed himself in a bow.

'O, it's you, is it?' says the laughing Sally. 'My, I thought sure you'd break your neck. I saw you climb, and it brought my heart way up in my mouth.'

'I wouldn't have climbed a step if I'd

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

FLEASE SHOW this to your Minister, Superintendent or to some other friend.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the 'S.S. Times' and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about **three** months during which such of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger' may unite to form a club of three or more at **TEN** cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of **FIVE** cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

thought it would worry such a young lady as you,' protested Rasmus.

'O, I was glad you went up, so long as you came down all right. I do like to see brave things done,' and Sally glanced with open admiration at the goodly proportions of Rasmus.

'He spoke beautiful, didn't he, ma'am?' she said to her step-parent.

''Deed did he,' said dame Mary Jane.

'I couldn't ha' said a word if I'd knowed you was a listening,' declared Rasmus.

'Well, I'm glad you didn't know it, for I heard every word, and it did more than a bit of good, didn't it, father?' said Sally.

''Deed did it,' responded her paternal, heartily.

Then in from school bolted the two juniors of the family; the boy and girl of the same age, belonging respectively to the boss and Mary Jane.

'Make your manners, George,' said the boss to his step-son, while the girl was taken in hand by her step-mother, relieved of her sunbonnet, had her rumpled hair smoothed by a pass or two, and was bid 'speak to the gentleman like a lady.'

The girl was now a safe investment for Rasmus; he said she was 'a nice child, and looked like her sister.' Whereupon Rodney thrust his head out of the window to take the air and laugh. But the maternal pride of mistress Mary Jane created a diversion.

'George is a great schollard,' she said. 'He minds his book well, and when he grows up, he may speak as fine as you do, sir. It's composition to-day, and George had a beautiful composition. Read it to the gentleman, my man.'

'Yes, do,' said Mr. Llewellyn.

So Rodney drew his head in from the window, and George took a proper attitude, with his toes on a seam of the sitting-room ingrain carpet, and read his essay:

HABITS.

'Habits are very bad things to have, for at the last habits will make you go on the gallows. If you have the habit of telling falsehoods you will go on until you begin the habit of drinking and telling your parents that you does not drink. After that you will begin to steal, then you will be threatened by some one to catch you and put you in prison; then you will arm yourself for to meet them and in the first place you see the person that threatened you; and you will kill him. Then the police or constable will catch you and arrest you, and set you in jail; then you will be tried for murder, and if you doesn't have money enough to hire a good lawyer the lawyer for the State will outspeak the other lawyer and the case will be in favor of the State, and at the last you will be hung. and habit is the cause of your evil life and death. Then the only way to keep from habits is, to put your foot on them and never lift that foot up from the beginning of life to the end, and thus keep them from getting into your brains, then you will be respected by all your fellowmen.

'GEORGE MACK.'

'Isn't that sweet?' said Mrs. Mary Jane, wiping her eyes; 'it most made me feel as if I could see him getting hung, he spoke out so earnest. I declare the boy was cut out for a lawyer, if ever one was.'

'Now, Mary Jane,' remonstrated her husband, 'don't go to putting foolish notions in his head, or yours. If he minds his book, and learns figures, and gets took into the company's office, I'll be satisfied.'

'So will I,' said the mother. 'Show your piece to the gentleman, George, to see how beautiful it is writ out.'

George handed it to Rasmus first, and it was great good luck that he did not hand it upside down, for Rasmus would have examined it innocently in that position, and not for worlds would Rasmus have betrayed his ignorance before the blooming Sally. For the first time in his life, Rasmus felt ashamed of his ignorance. To see a little lad of ten, able to write so grand an essay on habits, overcame Rasmus, and made him wish he had not been too idle to learn to read and write. However, George's school-mistress had taught him manners, if not logic, and he handed his composition right side up, to the inspection of Rasmus, and Rasmus glared at it with an owl-like gravity, that sent Rodney's head out of the window again, charging like a catapult into a snowball bush outside. Then Rasmus said 'it was fine, and he never would have believed it,' and the literary production was passed on to Mr. Llewellyn, who genially discussed it with George, and artfully showed him that it was bad habit he had in view, and got him to put that little adjective in title and composition, and to exchange it in some places for evil, to avoid repetition—and so George was the better of a little lesson in reasoning and rhetoric—for Mr. Llewellyn was one of those who sowed his life, wherever he went, with some benefits to his fellow-creatures.

Meanwhile, Sally and her mother went to get tea, and Mr. Crew took Rodney and Mr. Llewellyn, to show them the works. Rasmus did not care to go. He would not have resisted the attractions of a stable full of cattle, or a yard of fowls, or a flock of sheep to be salted; but furnaces were not to his mind; no green things grew on the acres and hills of slag and cinder, around the black smoke-and-flame-belching buildings. If he remained with the children, in the neat sitting-room, he would have the inestimable privilege of seeing Sally's pink-spotted gown and rosy cheeks, as she laid the table in the clean kitchen, setting it out with the best figured red and white dishes, and putting a brown jug of snowballs in the middle of the array. How Rasmus hoped that the young milliner would not find out that he did not know his letters! How vexed he was that he did not know how to spell Sally! He thought the name of such a fine girl, must be a very recondite piece of spelling. He set George and Marie to spelling their names 'à la' schoolmaster,' but that did not help him. 'And how do you spell your name?' he asked Sally, who stood laughing in the doorway.

'With a "y,"' says Sally; 'I'm not proud;' and neither did that help him. He longed for some way to cover up his sense of deficiency, and suddenly bethought himself of the microscope. He would try and borrow the big one after tea, and exhibit it to Sally and the children, and some of the young neighbors. He knew a deal, now, of the wonders of the microscope, for he had been indefatigable in tormenting Mr. Llewellyn to show him things.

The supper was admirable. Rasmus was sure Sally must have fried the ham, and brewed the tea, and mixed the cake. In his secret soul he did not give that notable housewife, Mary Jane, credit for any of it. After tea, he preferred his request to Mr. Llewellyn, who generously adjusted the lens, and lent him the microscope, and then went off with Rodney and the 'boss,' to see a collection of fossils, kept in the company's office. Rasmus was soon at a table, performing the part of a scientific teacher, with his pupils around him.

'What's the first thing that you see? Look, one after another. That's the leg of a fly, though it looks big enough to be the leg of a frog for a Frenchman's breakfast. See the comb set along the side; that's what he cleans his head and neck with, for flies is great dandies; now look at the foot, and you sees a little sort of cup there; that is what he walks upside down on a ceiling with: the bottom of his foot is a kind of a sucker, what sucks out the air from under it, and so sticks, and I explains that o you by a round, wet leather, with a string in the middle, as you lads play with on the walks, and stick it does.'

The audience appreciated the illustration, and Rasmus set another object.

'This ain't the head nor jaws of a lion, nor yet a tiger, though they look as they might be that same. This is the head of a beetle—just you look at the big saw he carries, likewise a jack-knife, and you see how it is all carved, like the handsomest picter-frame ever you see. Now, here I puts you the mouth of a wasp. There's the scissors he cuts leaves with, and there's the chisel he digs out wood with, and the jaws he chaws 'em into brown paper with, and the knife as he spreads and builds his nest.'

The naughty boy of the neighborhood here clapped a piece of old cheese under the glass, demanding, 'What's that?'

Rasmus was not disconcerted.

(To be continued.)

What There's Time For.

Lots of time for lots of things,
Though it's said that time has wings,
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say,
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb;
Time to give a little flower,
Time for friendship, any hour,
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.

—Selected.

Follow Your Leader.

Christian life is simple. It is summed up in one thing —'Follow me.' Recently, as I got out of the elevated train at Hanover Square, London, I looked down upon the street far below, and a thought something like this went through my mind: Supposing that, without any knowledge of the existence and mode of working of an elevated railway, I had been placed on this train while asleep or unconscious, and had awakened at this station, and had been told that I must get down to that street. I get out of the train and find myself on a narrow platform. I look down on either side, and say, 'No way down there except by being dashed to pieces.' Instinctively I follow those in front of me. Steps, but the door is shut; no getting down there. I follow still. A door, but it opens into an enclosure. I follow still. Another door, and there are steps which lead me safely and easily down to the street. I might have stood still and distracted myself with a dozen devices for getting down. I might have gone bustling about looking for a rope or a ladder. There was only one thing needful, and that was to follow those who knew the way. So in our Christian experience one thing is needful—to hear Jesus' words and follow him.—Marvin R. Vincent.

Some Things That Girls Should Do.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do be exact in money matters; every debt you incur means loss to someone, probably to some less able than you to bear it.

Do answer your letters soon after they are received, and do try to reply to them with some relation to their contents; a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education.

Do, when you talk, keep your hands still.

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body.

Do try to remember where you put your gloves and card-case; keep the former mended and the latter filled.

Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk stupidity.

Do put your hairpins in so that they will stay; it looks slovenly, to say the least, to see them half-dropping out.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficient to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself. A good listener makes a delightful wife.

Do be contented; 'martyrs' are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere. Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either of them; if you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile, say a mile, and not a mile and a half; if you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

Do sign your full name to your letters.—'Christian Globe.'

Where the Real Danger Lies

No man ever did a thing that was wholly wrong until after he had accustomed himself to do things that were debatable. In this light, 'border line' questions become the most important questions that one has to face. It is one's decision in a question that has, or seems to have, two sides to it, that determines one's decision later in a question that has not two sides to it. For one cannot get into the field of things that are 'all wrong' until he has crossed the border of that field. If he resolutely refuses to approach the border, he is in no danger from that which is entirely on the wrong side. But many a man has passed entirely over because he supposed that he could safely remain on the edge. The so-called 'great' temptations of life offer small danger to the man who will not tolerate compromise with the things that 'everybody does.' —'Sunday School Times.'

Church Manners.

Be on time. No one has a right needlessly to disturb a congregation or a preacher by being tardy.

Never look around to see who is coming in when the door opens. It diverts your own and others' attention from the exercises, and is discourteous to the leader.

Never talk or whisper in church, especially after the exercises are opened.

Never pull out your watch to see what time it is when the text is announced, or during the sermon. Better to feed on a sermon than to time it.

Conform, if possible in conscience, to the usages of the church in which you worship. Kneel, stand, bow, accordingly.

Never manifest your disapprobation of what is being said by unpleasant sounds, or by signs, or by hastily leaving.

Do not fidget, as though the services were a weariness.

Be quiet and decorous to the very end.

Do not put on your overcoat or adjust your wrappings till after the Doxology has been sung.

Never be one of the staring crowd about the door, or in the vestibule, before or after the service.

Let your politeness be positive. Invite the near stranger to a seat. Offer him a hymn-book, or share with him your seat.—'N. C. Advocate.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

A Gentleman.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Harper's Young People.')

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye,
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift and light.

Does his mother call? Not kite or ball,
Or the prettiest game, can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and Sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long
As merry as boy can be.
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.

The Girls.

'Well, I'm sorry enough that I did it. If I had to do it over again I should do differently.'

Emily spoke with real regret to the aunt who was always a sympathetic listener to the telling of her girl troubles or pleasures.

'Gertrude will never forgive me; she said so. And if she chooses to harbor anger against me I can't help it.'

'I'm sorry to see broken what appeared such a beautiful friendship as that which has existed between you two.'

'So am I, but I can't help it. I told Gertrude once that I was sorry. I said all that could be reasonably be expected, but she wouldn't listen.'

'I don't think I have heard the full account of what occurred.'

'It was bad enough,' admitted Emily, regretfully. 'I was going downstairs and Gertrude ran over and asked me to mail a letter for her. I laid it on the hat-rack until I went out. Then Phil called me out the back door to see something about his rabbits, so I went that way and the letter slipped my mind. In the afternoon Gertrude came over, and the moment I saw her at the gate I thought of that letter. I hated to let her know I had neglected it, so I hurried down and covered it up, intending to take it to mail just as soon as she went away. It was cowardly not to tell her—I felt it so at the time. Well, that was the day Cousin Eleanor came, and if you'll believe me, Aunt Amy, I didn't think of that letter again. Two days afterwards Gertrude came in, and as my evil star would have it, Maria was just cleaning the hall, and the letter lay there in plain sight.

'H'm, h'm,' Aunt Amy shook her had.

'Gertrude was standing in the sitting-room holding it when I came down—'

'I shouldn't like to have been you,' commented Emily's aunt.

'You would not. She stood there without a word—listening to me as I blundered and stammered and fell all over myself trying to explain and excuse—but what excuse was there?'

'What, indeed?'

'When I stopped she asked me if I had not thought of the letter when she came in that afternoon. That was the worst of it, for, of course, I had to own up that I had, and had refrained from telling her because I was ashamed. I begged her to sit down, but she still stood there while she told me in a cold manner, which I could see was put on to hide her fire of feeling underneath, why it had been such a matter of concern to her that the letter should go promptly. It had been written in answer to one from her cousin, whom she loves very dearly, and who is out of health. The cousin was on her way South and asked Gertrude to come to her for a day as she passed through the city, and to give her an address at which she could meet her. If I had been candid enough to tell Gertrude of my neglect that afternoon, the letter might still have been mailed in time. So it's about as bad as it can be, you see.'

'Yes,' assented Aunt Amy.

'I hadn't a word to say at first as Gertrude finished and turned away. Then I followed her to the door and tried to tell her something of my shame and regret. She would not listen to me, but went away. That was three weeks ago, and we never speak now.'

'I must confess,' said Aunt Amy,' that Gertrude had pretty good reason for harboring angry feeling, as you call it. You certainly did her a deep injury.'

'You think she can never get over it?'

'That will depend on how much of the grace of God she has in her heart.'

'You see,' said Gertrude. 'I could never forgive it of her. How could any one?'

* * * *

'I am sure it would be a difficult thing to do,' said the person, Gertrude's teacher and very dear and trusted friend, to whom she was telling her sore grievance against Emily.

'If she had only been more frank with me. If she had told me that day. Even afterwards, if she had only been fair with me. But to wait until I found out her neglect just by accident. It seemed so tricky and deceitful.'

'It certainly was so. Your severe disappointment was greatly increased by the way in which it had come about.'

'Yes, if it had been through some accident I could have borne it better. Now, Miss Vernon, mother says that I ought to forgive Emily, but how can I?'

'Sometimes,' said her friend, thoughtfully, 'I think it a good thing to try to even ourselves up against our friends.'

'I don't quite understand you.'

'I believe I am rather obscure. I mean, we all have our faults. Some of us have those which lean in one direction, some in another. Pride, selfishness, lack of candor, laziness, inconsideratenes, carelessness, what an ugly list it makes. Can any of us say we are entirely free from all these?'

'Not I,' admitted Gertrude.

There are several very good reasons for forgiving an injury,' went on her friend. 'In the first place, we like our friends to turn a lenient eye on our own faults. We do not like to be severely judged. We want them to deal gently with us because they love us. So let us try to feel that way towards our friends' faults. We are not perfect ourselves —let us not expect perfection of them.'

'I surely am not perfect,' said Gertrude thoughtfully.

'So much for our friends' side; now, let us look at our own side. What an affliction is an unforgiving spirit, one which will hold onto and cherish a grudge, which will allow its own sweet serenity to be clouded. Can we afford to submit to such an affliction because our friends have done us a wrong? Oh, we can not. Let us forget. Let us rise on the wings of forgiveness into an atmosphere which will keep us far above the being annoyed by trifling injuries.'

'Oh, I see—I see it,' said Gertrude, her face beaming with the light of a new thought. 'Why, don't you see it Miss Vernon—forgiveness, true from your very heart, means so much. It covers all there is.'

'Exactly, dear. When we once reach the height of true forgiveness it is so far, so very far above the petty things which mar a friendship that they are left out of sight. Blotted out, as we are promised our own shortcomings will be. You remember, it is human to err, it is divine to forgive.'

Emily stood at her own gate as Gertrude walked down the street towards it. Of late, Emily had begun to resent the continued anger of her friend, and had made a point of avoiding her. But to-day she turned an appealing look towards her, although fully expecting to see her pass without notice. But Gertrude stopped, saying:

'Can you come down to the grove with me?'

'To—talk it over?' faltered Emily.

'No, not a bit of it,' said Gertrude, with a smile. 'To forget it. We can't afford to waste these glorious hours in talking over an old grievance.'—Sidney Dayre, in the 'Advance.'

What to do With a Bad Temper.

Starve it. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yoursel; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to hold it up. The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart, in the face of great provocation, is a hero. The world may not hold him or her as such, but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and the pain is given to others as well as self. That pain too often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler; it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—'N. C. Advocate.'

Easter Gifts.

Almost as universal and as popular as the custom of sending Christmas presents is that of exchanging tokens of love at Easter. Flowers, cards, books, and objects to adorn the home are appropriate, but nothing exceeds in fitness, at this season, a thrifty growing plant, which for many days and weeks may continue to make happy its recipient. An azalea in full bloom, an Easter lily, a rose in bud, a pot of cyclamen, or a geranium carries to the sick room a sweet meseage of hope and cheer. We do not forget to adorn the graves at Easter, and to show our remembrance then of our beloved dead. Let us equally have a sweet and tender thought of the living whom we love, and tell the thought in flowers.—'Flowers.'

The Engineer Cried.

'Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us,' said the fat engineer. 'A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes ,and nobody hurt either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I almost cry every time I think of it.

'I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the street. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when, suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even to slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more.

'As we slowed down, my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me: "Jim, look here!" I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home.'—Selected.

David McQueen's Restoration

(By Mary L. Cummins, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

It was a singularly pathetic looking trio which passed down the wide hospital corridor. The old man appeared older and feebler than he really was in the loose suit of grey flannel. One corner of the blanket which draped his bent shoulders trailed unheeded on the floor. His face, under the white bandages binding his forehead, had the passive look which characterized most of the male patients, a look of enforced cessation from a life of toil.

The women on either side walked slowly, accommodating their steps to his shambling gait. One helped him in brisk, sisterly fashion, the hand of the other was tucked under his arm with the unmistakably intimate, tender touch of the help-meet.

'You'd better be going back now, Peter. 'Tis draughty it might be for you out here,' Mrs. Breen advised as they neared the outer corridor.

'Yes, you'd better be going back,' the little old wife urged, fearfully. ''Tisn't any setback we'd want you to be getting now.'

Peter McQueen looked wistfully from one to the other.

'And Davie?' he quavered, 'Davie'll be coming to-morrow?'

'Oh, yes, Davie'll be coming to-morrow.' Mrs. Breen signalled quickly behind his back with one screwed-up eye, and a succession of nods to her sister-in-law.

'Yes, Davie—will—be—' Eliza McQueen struggled bravely with the words, trying to force faith in the assertion, but the sentence would not finish itself.

'And here's Mr. Duncan coming to see you, Peter!' Mrs. Breen heaved a sigh of relief, as though they had barely escaped a tight place.

The old man turned to the minister with eyes still clouded by troubled uncertainty. They had been boys together among the bleak headlands of their Donegal home, and James Duncan felt glad that but a few moments of the visiting hour remained. The greater part of his day had been spent in unavailing search for young David McQueen.

Tears were running down the mother's cheeks when she parted with the minister at the foot of the hospital steps. In one day she seemed to have left a bright world and entered a dark tunnel of trouble where she could not see a yard ahead. For in the very hour that her husband had been knocked down by a motor car and received a severe wound on the head—'broke it in two halves,' Mrs. Breen, drawing somewhat upon her imagination in the excited stress of the moment, had informed the open-mouthed neighbors—David, the son of their middle life, the only one left of a goodly little flock, most of whom slept under the green sod of the old kirkyard in Kilcar, David had gone off with the 'Meadows Gang.'

Unknown to his parents, or Mr. Duncan, the gang's leader, Bat McGrath, had had his eye on young McQueen for some time. He had his own personal grudge against the minister and wished to discourage him in his work. His opportunity came when David seeing one of the gang abusing an under-sized Italian bootblack, sailed in valiantly to save the boy. He did not know that his opponent was considered a past-master in the art of pugilism, as, with superior strength, he held his arms pinioned and warned him not to hurt the child again.

But, unfortunately for David, the scene was witnessed by Bat McGrath. He came forward with one thick hand outstretched. 'Ye're a man!' he commended enthusiastically. 'An' I never suspected ye of it before!'

And David, the irresponsible side of his Celtic nature suddenly running riot, the flattery of this hitherto half-feared, half-admired swaggerer going to his head, suffered himself to be led away arm in arm with the leader of the 'Meadows Gang.' Half an hour later the ambulance made a quick run for his father.

For that or many days after the boy's home did not know him, days in which his father begged for him piteously as for something necessary to existence which was being withheld by force, and his mother suffered in silence as only a mother can.

Word came that he was seen now here, now there, always in company with Bat McGrath, but—though Mr. Duncan followed up every clue—it always ended in disappointment.

It was dawn when David McGrath came to himself. He lay alone beside a tinkling little brook, shaded by tall pine trees. His father and he had often been to the place on Sabbath afternoons, but it was as a strange land when he opened his aching eyes.

Physical suffering or discomfort had had scant place in his clean, abundant young life, sheltered as it had been by the love of his parents and care of Mr. Duncan, and his body cried out against its usage of the past days.

As he lay there, one idea gradually grew out of the chaos which enveloped him—to get home, home to the little room which his mother's care kept sweet and clean, and where hung a picture of the Christ with hands outstretched, given him by Mr. Duncan. It seemed to David that his staring eyes were looking into the room, but something—something terrible, formed out of the lawlessness of these past days—had him in an iron clutch holding him back.

Slowly a fresh horror grew in his young face, for the eyes in the picture seemed to be fixed on his with a reproach which felt like like being stabbed. He saw a new sorrow in their patient depths. Was it—David drew his breath hard—was it because of such things as he vaguely remembered having done that the look was there at all? His head fell forward on his hands. The vision of the little room had vanished. Full realization came to him and broke from him in one cry of agony, —'I've gone back of Him! Oh, God in heaven, I've gone back on Him!'

His home—where was it? he wondered presently. Thousands of miles away, it seemed, so far had he wandered from its enfolding care. Or was it that other boy whose home was in the far country? The boy who arose and came to his father. His father! What had someone told him about his father? In the panic of a great fear he rose and stumbled home.

He threw himself on the floor of his little room, reaching out his hands to touch the poor furniture, as though it were against it that he had sinned. He dared not lift his eyes higher. The whole place, with its association of boyish prayers and resolves, was like the face of a grieved friend, into which he could not look.

When he came out into the kitchen his mother moved about as though nothing unusual had happened. Her bent little figure was trembling with yearning love.

'Mother—' David's voice wavered on the word—'was—was there anything happened to my father?'

'Yes, Davie. Your father got a hurt in the head.'

He fell into a chair with a groan.

'Where is he?'

'At the hospital.'

Suddenly she was on her knees beside him.

'Davie, boy, 'tis eating his heart out with longing for you, he is! 'Tis keeping him back entirely. He—he thinks—you don't care!'

He sprang up as though cut with a lash. His mother's eyes followed him as he re-entered his own room. When he came out he wore his Sunday suit, and as much of the past day's contamination as soap and water could remove was gone from him.

'I want you to burn these,' he said, firmly, holding out to her the clothes he had worn.

'Where are you going, boy?' she asked, fearfully.

'To Mr. Duncan.'

'And your father?' she quavered.

'I've got to find out if I'm fit to see my father!' His voice was hoarse with shame. He threw wide his arms as though he would reveal to her the guilt which pressed on him so heavily.

His interview with the minister was a long one.

'David,' James Duncan said at last, standing with one strong, lean hand on the young man's shoulder, 'you have come to the place where human props will no longer avail you. You have eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and so, to a certain extent, passed beyond our upholding. It rests with you to decide whether you will commit yourself wholly to "Him who is able to keep you from falling" or—go under again.'

David McQueen's sensitive mouth worked, but he looked the minister squarely in the eyes.

'Mr. Duncan,' he said, slowly, 'God helping me I will never do that last!'

For answer the pressure on his shoulder brought him down until they both reached their knees. And in the prayer which followed, David McQueen graduated from the faith which had unquestioningly accepted what his mother taught him, simply because she had taught it to him, into his first personal vision of the Son of God. It was not the eyes of the pictured Christ which seemed to pierce his soul, but those of a Presence.

'Closer than breathing,
Nearer than hands and feet.'

Awed, fearful, yet adoring, he surrendered to Him wholly. Surrendered for a life-work of which at the time he had no faintest inkling, but which—so strange to us seemed the ways of Providence—was to number among its sheaves even the battered young life of Bat McGrath

A light might have been suddenly turned on inside the body of Peter McQueen so swift was the radiance which flooded his face when Mr. Duncan and David entered the hospital ward.

'You've come, David—you've come, boy,' he repeated joyously, holding the strong young hand between both his own. Then, the habit of a lifetime in joy or sorrow asserting itself, he broke quaveringly into the old psalm, so often sung within the old kirk at Kilcar:

'I love the Lord, because my voice
And prayers He did hear;
I, while I live, will call on Him,
Who bow'd to me his ear.'

The minister had turned and stood looking out of the window with eyes which did not see very clearly. But his lips also moved, for he repeated to himself, 'He arose and came to his father.'

The Use of Policemen.

A little city urchan, thanks to a fresh-air fund, was on his first visit to the country, and with him and the others was a Sunday School teacher. The boy was about six years old, and when the train stopped the teacher lifted him into the waiting farm waggon, and they jogged off through beautiful rolling pasture, miles on miles of green velvet.

The little fellow was much excited with the scene. 'I say,' he said, 'they must need a lot of cops here.'

'Why?' inquired the teacher.

'There's so much grass to keep off of.'—'Christian Age.'

Easter Pitchers.

When I was a little girl, such a thing as buying gifts for Easter was unknown. The pennies were too scarce to spend in such a way. But we used to make pretty little conceits from eggshells, and perhaps some of the little folks would like to try their hand with the same.

Select a well-shaped egg with a thick shell. Make a hole in each end and by blowing at one opening force the contests of the egg through the other into a bowl (for of course the egg itself must be saved for cooking, as only the shell is used. For example, make a pitcher. Carefully pick away the shell so as to give an even edge both at top and bottom. Bind the upper edge with pretty paper and by having it a little larger than the shell, the nose can be easily pinched into shape. Put a straight row of paper around the lower edge to form a standard, and make a handle of the paper.

We used to cut out little flowers from cloth and paper to decorate our fragile dishes. Of course eggshells are brittle things to handle, but with care and patience you can make some dainty make-believe cups, bowls and pitchers, that will be nice little gifts.

Colored eggs were simply made by wrapping the natural colored egg in a piece of calico known to fade, and immersing in boiling water.

I am sure that we of an older generation got as much pleasure from these things that were the result of our ingenuity as do the little folks who can now buy the pretty trifles exhibited in city stores at Easter time.—Selected.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

God Wants the Boys and Girls

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys—
God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave
He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—
God wants to make the girls His pearls,
And to reflect His holy face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls!

—Craven 'Pioneer.'

An Easter-remembrance Booklet.

A pretty Easter remembrance can be made in the shape of a dainty booklet, containing an appropriate or helpful poem for your friend. These booklets may be made in two ways. The leaves and cover may be made twice the size of the page desired, then folded and stitched with silk cord or narrow ribbon and tied in a knot at the back. Or they may be cut into pages instead of leaves, holes punched at the back about an inch from the edge, and a ribbon run through and tied. Cut sheets of the tinted paper to the shape and size you wish your book. Unruled tinted notepaper, wholly out of place for correspondence, may be used to advantage, as it is already of suitable size. Other paper may be cut in long, narrow sheets, to be fastened at one end. The poem is to be written or typewritten, using as many pages as desired, but only one side of the paper. The booklets sold at the stores are good models for how much or how little to put on a page. Select a picture, or several of them, suitable on pages of the same size. From fancy board cut a cover a little larger than the pages. On the front of the cover put a picture or an Easter greeting. Bind with ribbon.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Children's Names in Syria.

In Syria the names of children are very odd. They suggest those of the Red Indian, inasmuch as the child's name is apt to be something which occurred at the time of its birth—something which interested the parents. For instance, if you were a child of that country your name in all probability would be 'Stuffed Cabbage' or 'Hotel' or 'County Council,' or something like that. If a child falls sick his name is immediately changed. Instead of his parents thinking that a piece of pie or too much pudding disagreed with him, they attribute his sickness to the fact that his name did not agree with him. When one understands what these names are one does not wonder that the child may have fallen sick because of them.—'Presbyterian.'

Childhood in Bengal.

Reproduced from the Bengali of H. C. Raha, by Mrs. Mary Summers.

('Baptist Missionary Herald,' London.)

(Concluded.)

'Whether I eat or not, what is that to you?' Kushum said again, 'Come down; whether you eat or not, do come down. You are looking quite bad.'

These words from her lips affected me greatly. Meantime she had run into the house, and, going to my grandmother, said, 'Do come and see who is sitting in the guava tree.'

My grandmother came hurriedly to the foot of the tree, and my aunt and mother followed. Grandmother lost no time in calling out, 'Now, you rascal, we have been almost dead with anxiety for you, and here you have been sitting in this tree all the time! Come down instantly!'

'Clear out, all of you. I am going to throw myself down from here and die. Out of the way; I am falling!' And, saying this, I made a pretence of falling.

They were all very much afraid lest I should really throw myself down. My aunt said, 'Nobody will scold you; only come down. Alas! poor child, he has not eaten a grain of rice the whole day long!'

After many entreaties, I descended, with the brick still in my hand, and as soon as I reached the ground, made as though I would strike Kushum. Then I began to weep with anger, and said, 'I shall not rest until I have broken her head this very day. Why did she tell about me?'

Kushum said nothing, but standing at a little distance, began to laugh. Grandmother sat in the verandah, and, taking me in her arms, began to explain, saying, 'You talk about beating her?'

After some more talking, I threw away the brick and sat down to eat my rice. Just then Kushum came to me, and laughing merrily, said, 'Now then, where are my guavas?' . .

. .

I have not yet told you very much about my mother, and the reason for it is this, that my mother had no authority in the house. Over me, even, she had no authority. She was the daughter-in-law, and as such must remain silent. In the zenana my grandmother reigned supreme. But my aunt was her favorite daughter, and, because she would always be a widow, an object of pity. For this reason, all responsibility was put into her hands, and my grandmother kept herself free from care, and did nothing but sit telling her beads. My father, too, did nothing without first consulting my aunt; she superintended entirely all household affairs. It is true that in almost all matters she consulted my mother; but then all the money was in her hands and the servants worked under her orders, consequently she was the mistress of the house.

This mother of mine was wise, but she had a temper. This cannot be denied; but for all that, she never had any altercations with my aunt. My grandmother certainly used to scold her, but in her heart she loved her. I have read in school books words like these, 'A mother-in-law is a tigress, a sister-in-law is a devil'; but my mother's mother-in-law was like a mother, and her sister-in-law was like a sister.

The day after the events recorded in a former chapter, I was sitting by my grandmother, reading to her out of a book of rhymes. My mother sat by me stroking my back with her hand, and seeing the marks the cane had left on me, she was filled with grief and anger against the schoolmaster, which she expressed freely. Just then Kushum came to us and said, 'Mother, a bottle of cocoanut oil is wanted.' No sooner had she spoken these words than I flung my book of rhymes at her, crying, 'Why should she call "my" mother, "mother"?'

The book did not hit her; she picked it up, and, holding it in her hands, began to read.

It seemed as though my words had made no no impression on her at all. Then my grandmother said, 'Come, let him have his book. You take your oil-bottle and go.'

As soon as she had returned the book to me and gone, my mother said, 'Why should not Kushum call me "mother"? I am her mother as well as yours!'

For several days I behaved in this way to Kushum, but finally my anger subsided, and I again began to give her ripe guavas.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LITTLE FOLKS

Never Thought.

A travelling showman with a small company of performing curs, had passed through the village, and his show had greatly amused and amazed the younger portion of the population. The doctor's dog, 'Toby,' was getting old, and fat, and heavy; and besides, his form had neither the grace nor the activity necessary for a performing dog, to say nothing of the neglect of his education in time past. But all this went for nothing with Master Bob Bindwell, his two brothers—Bertie and Fred, and his sister Mina, the doctor's children. They came home from the wonderful entertainment given by the showman and his four-footed company, fired with zeal to make 'Toby' a performing dog!

'Now, Toby, for your first lesson!' said Bob, placing the dog in a proper attitude for what he considered an easy jump, while Bertie stood near with a switch to enforce his brother's teaching.

'Jump, Toby, jump!' ordered Bob, with authority, holding his arms in a tempting circle to excite the dog's ambition.

But Toby declined to show the smallest interest in the science of jumping.

'Now isn t this provoking!' exclaimed Bob, at last, after many unsuccessful attempts. 'The dog is as obstinate as a mule! Give me that switch, Bertie, he wants breaking in.'

'Don't hurt the poor old dear!' said Mina.

'Don't be absurd, Mina,' replied Bob, in a tone of superior wisdom. 'No dog can be taught anything without thrashing; and I won't give him more than is good for him.'

In another moment the switch would have descended upon Toby's back, had not the house-door opened, and Dr. Bindwell suddenly appeared in the little yard. His quick eye took it all in at a glance. 'Ha!' said he, 'teaching that poor old dog? Stop a bit, Bob; come with me all of you, children, I want you a minute or two.'

Wondering not a little, the boys and Mina, with the released Toby at their heels, followed the doctor. He led them into the garden first, where the gardener was busy training a creeper on the brick wall.

'Raymond,' said the doctor, 'tell these young people how long you've been a gardner.'

'Oh, sir, a matter of thirty years or so,' replied the man, touching his hat.

'Well, would you not like to be something else now?' said the doctor, slyly, glancing at Bob. 'Say a telegraph clerk, or a sailor, or——'

'Bless me, sir,' said the gardener, laughing, 'you're a-sayin' this for a joke! Why, sir, if you was to beat me with a cat-o'-nine-tails, I couldn't learn no other trade at my time of life.'

'Yes, I dare say you're right,' said Dr. Bindwell, smiling. Then he turned away, taking the children with him.

When they were alone, the doctor said: 'Bob, my boy, I'll propose something to you. Let me see you perform some of the feats of strength and agility that we saw those acrobats do the other day. Come now, begin, and if a little switching will help you at all, I can easily oblige you.'

Bob blushed; he was just understanding a little of his father's meaning.

'You know I can't papa,' he said; 'you told me yourself the other day, that for all those things children have to be taught very young, before the bones and muscles become set and rigid.'

'Did I?' replied Dr. Bindwell again. 'I am glad you remember so well. But did it never occur to you, Bob, that what was true in one instance might be true in another? Surely,' he added more gravely, 'had you thought a moment, you would never have been so unkind to poor old Toby, to whom you were trying to teach things which it must have taken those performing dogs years of training to acquire. If our good Raymond can't change his trade now, nor you become an acrobat, why should you expect more of our little Toby?'

'Papa, I never thought of that before,' replied Bob.

'Poor old Toby, was I very cruel to you?' Bob continued, taking up the little dog and kissing his rough head. 'Please forgive me.' And more forgiving than many of us, perhaps, dear readers, Toby put up his face, and gave his young master the kiss of peace.—'The Children's Messenger.'

Pets.

Nelly has a doll,
She loves her dolly dearly,
Although 'tis made of wood,
And its hair is painted merely:
Though it wobbles on its feet,
Nelly thinks it simply sweet.

Teddy has a horse;
He loves his Dobbin dearly,
Although one ear is gone,
And it cannot gallop really;
Though it isn't very fleet,
Teddy thinks it simply sweet.

Betty has a kit;
She loves her pussy dearly,
Although its claws are sharp,
And its eyes look at you queerly;
Though that kit cares but to eat,
Betty thinks it simply sweet.

—Alice Scott, in 'Our Little Dots.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

A Forgivin' Party.

'All them 'at's mad at me an' ready to furgiv, come to the appel tree at five. ALLAN.'

It was chalked on a board in big letters, so that Philip could easily spell it out. And Philip was mad at Allan because Allan had hit his dog with a stone, so that the dog was limping all day. To be sure, Allan said he had not seen the dog, but then Allan was always doing things and saying he didn't mean to.

Nancy Oaks came along just then and read it carefully. 'I ain't a-goin',' she burst out. 'He broke my Ruby Pearl, so 'at she'll never go to sleep again. He run over her with an express waggon, he did! I won't go to his old party.'

Patsy heard her and laughed. 'Well, you'll see me there,' he said. 'An' I'll squirt with his hose all I want to. You see if I don't.'

Meanwhile Allan had various troubles of his own. All this had come about by his learning the text, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' His mother explained it to him. 'There's a whole lot that's mad at me,' he said sorrowfully to his mother.

'See if you cannot find a way to make up with them,' his mother replied.

But Allan had gone to the barn to look at the colts, when the idea of a make-up party came to him. 'If mother'd let me have some cookies an' popcorn, I could get 'em together before the sun goes down, and then mebby I'd get forguv.'

So the next thing was to ask mamma, and she said there were plenty of cookies for a party, and Jane should set the table for him under the apple tree. But now, when it was three in the afternoon, Allan's heart misgave him. He was afraid nobody would come. 'About all I play with are mad, and it'd be lonesome if nobody came,' he thought.

Jane set the table under the apple tree. There were cookies and honey and gingerbread and popcorn and pink lemonade, but Allen could not feel as if this was a picnic. It was a very subdued little boy who awaited Patsy as he came forward with a cheery 'Hello, there!' He was followed by the twins, Bee and Boo, who lived in the large house around the other side of the hill. They were mad because Allan wouldn't let them ride in his automobile. But the automobile was on hand now, and they raced down the hill, after one longing look at the honey quivering in the sunlight. And so one after another they all came, even Nancy Oaks, and made up until there wasn't one who had not forgiven him when the sun went down.—E. D. R., in 'Gospel Messenger.'

Number One.

'He is a number one boy,' said grandmother, proudly. 'A great boy for his books; indeed, he would rather read than play and that is saying a great deal for a boy of seven.'

'It is, certainly,' returned Uncle John; 'but what a pity it is that he is blind.'

'Blind?' exclaimed grandmother, and the number one boy looked up, too, in wonder.

'Yes, blind, and a little deaf, also, I fear,' answered Uncle John.

'Why, John! what put that into your head?' asked grandmother, looking perplexed.

Why, the number one boy himself,' said Uncle John. 'He has been occupying the one easy-chair in the room all the afternoon, never seeing you nor his mother when she came in for a few minutes' rest. Then when your glasses were mislaid, and you had to climb upstairs two or three times to look for them, he neither saw nor heard anything that was going on.'

'Oh! he was so busy reading,' apologized grandmother.

'That is not a very good excuse, mother,' replied Uncle John, smiling. 'If "Number One" is not blind nor deaf, he must be very selfish indeed to occupy the best seat in the room and let older people run up and down stairs while he takes his ease.'

'Nobody asked me to give up my seat nor to run on errands,' said Number One.

'That should not have been necessary,' urged Uncle John. 'What are a boy's eyes and ears for, if not to keep him posted on what is going on around him? I am glad to see you fond of books; but if a pretty story makes you forget all things except amusing 'Number One,' better run out and play with the other seven-year-old boys, and let grandmother enjoy the comfort of her rocker in quiet.'—'Youth's Evangelist.'

This Little Boy Was Right.

Said Peter Paul Augustus: 'When
I am grown to a man,
I'll help my dearest mother the
very best I can.
I'll wait upon her kindly; she'll
lean upon my arm;
I'll lead her very gently and keep
her safe from harm.
'But when I think upon it, the
time will be so long,'
Said Peter Paul Augustus, 'before
I'm tall and strong,
I think it would be wiser to be her
pride and joy,
By helping her my very best while
I'm a little boy.'
—'The Brown Memorial Monthly.'

A Birthday Party.

Jean lived in the country near some big woods. She was the only child in the house. And there were no other little girls for miles around.

When Jean was seven years old she had a birthday party. She had so many guests she couldn't count them. She set the table out of doors on the crust. There were fresh bread-crumbs, from her big birthday cake. The guests came and helped themselves. They were very noisy. They chattered and scolded. Can you guess who they were?

First came some blackbirds. Then up hopped a dozen hungry chick-a-dees. Next, down flew five pretty bluebirds just back from the south. When she saw her last guest, Jean clapped her hands. He was a round, bright-eyed Robin Redbreast—the very first one she had seen that spring!

The birds ate up every single crumb. Then they chirped their gay little 'Thank you' and flew away. Jean said it had been the best birthday party anyone ever had.—Primary Education.

Correspondence

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school nearly every day, and I am in the third reader. We have a new teacher this year, his name is Mr. K. I like reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence and Girls' and Boys' page. I am sending a puzzle (also the answer of it for the Editor). What is the difference between a bad boy and a bottle of medicine?

NELLIE SMITH (age 10.)

D., Minn.

Dear Editor,—Your final notice was received last night, and I take great pleasure in sending the money which will enable me to further enjoy your paper. It has been in our home now about two years, and we feel that we could not do without it. It has been a great source of comfort to me, and I always look forward to the day of its arrival with pleasure. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday comes on the 20th of July. I have enjoyed Rachel A. Ezekiel's letter from Poona, India, very much, especially her account of a Heathen Festival, and hope she will write often. Of late I noticed there was a conundrum—What is black and white and re(a)d all over? I think it is a newspaper. What grows with the root upward? Ans.—An icicle; and nine apples hanging high, nine men pass by, each took an apple. How many apples are left? Ans.—Eight apples.

LUCILE KELLOGG.

A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I was twelve years old on the 29th of January. We have had no school for three weeks, because our teacher has had the measles. My sister and I are just getting over the measles, and now my little nephew has got them.

NELLIE HOLLAND.

R. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' in the Band of Hope, and think it a nice paper. Mrs. M. is our Superintendent. The Band has been running for over five years. We now have forty-three members. We have had a remarkably pleasant winter here, with lots of skating and coasting. My sister and I have been learning to skate. I like to read the different letters from the different places in our country. I have read quite a number of books, and am very fond of reading. I have read many of the works of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, and Charles Kingsley. I am now reading Shakespeare's plays.

JENNIE A. SPUR.

K., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Our farm is called Hope Farm, and our house is very old, and stands on a hill. In winter the hill affords coasting for those who enjoy that sport. There is also good skating, but I am just learning, and do not skate on the field, where the largest crowd goes. I am fourteen years old, and have two brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is married, and lives here, and my oldest brother has gone to Saskatoon. Our dog is a thoroughbred collie, and five months old. I go to the Advanced Department of the school, and am in the tenth grade.

LIZZIE LOOMER.

N. A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence page, and think that a lot of little boys and girls do pretty well.

I go to school nearly every day, and I am in Grade VII. I like my teacher very much. I have one sister and two brothers. We have had lots of skating this winter.

I see a lot of little girls are sending riddles, and think I will send one, too.

As I was crossing London Bridge I met an English scholar, and drew off his cap and drew off his gloves. Tell me the name of that scholar?

V. B.

P. C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been three years in Canada, and we always have the 'Messenger' given us at Sunday School. We like the 'Messenger' very much. We have nine West Highland cattle here. There is old Sam the bull. He has large horns, and is very quiet. There is one cow very wild. We have eleven little lambs, and also a golden pheasant, which is a very pretty bird. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you could come and see all these animals for yourself.

JOHN PEWTRESS (age 8.)

O.S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am 11 years of age, and in the Senior Third Class. The subject I like best is history. A few books I have read are: 'Danesbury House,' 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Tip Lewis and his Lamp,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Over the Rocky Mountains,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Little Fishers and their Nets,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Jock and his Friend,' 'Wellington with Waterloo,' 'Water Babies,' 'Taught by Experience,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and I have read all the papers with the Christmas Stocking and other books. I am sending a few conundrums:

1. If a fire shovel cost 10 cents, what would a ton of coal come to?

2. How many times does 'and' occur in the Bible?

MARY E. GASKELL.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and think it is very nice. My birthday is July 6. I go to school nearly every day, and am in the third class. We have a dog named Nipper. He will play games with us. Some of the books I have read are: 'Cinderella,' 'Peter the Fisherman,' and I have heard the story of 'The boy Tramps,' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' I have a twin brother, and he is just the same size and is in the same class. Answer to Joseph W. T.'s question is the 117th Psalm, only 2 verses.

LAURA A. STEWARDSON (age 10.)

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I am twelve years old, and am in the senior fourth class. I have read the 'Elsie' books, and most of the 'Mildred' books, besides several others. I always read the correspondence, and as I was reading one of the letters not long ago, I noticed that the question was asked, where the word 'girl' was found in the Bible? I can answer that question. It is found in the book of Joel, third chapter and third verse.

ANNIE MILLER.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We are going to raise our barn in the spring. We are getting things ready now. We tapped about the 25th of Feb., and it ran well at first, but it does not run well now. We have had maple syrup to eat. I was twelve years the sixth of October.

MARY E. SCHOFIELD (age 12).

N., Alta.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I think I will begin now. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and we all like it very much. I am a girl thirteen years old. I will be fourteen on the 26th of May. I have five sisters and three brothers. I go to school, and am in the fourth class. Our teacher's name is Mr. M. We skate at noon and recess. Here are a few riddles:—

1. How would you make a slow horse fast?
2. What is volix?
3. From a word of five letters take two and leave one?
4. What is so brittle that even to name it would break it?
5. When is a girl like a country in South America?

ETHEL BAILEY.

M., M.

Dear Editor,—I think I can answer Eva M. Nichols' riddle. It is a churn. I will close with a riddle. What four letters can make a thief run? A.VIDA BENTLEY (age 8).

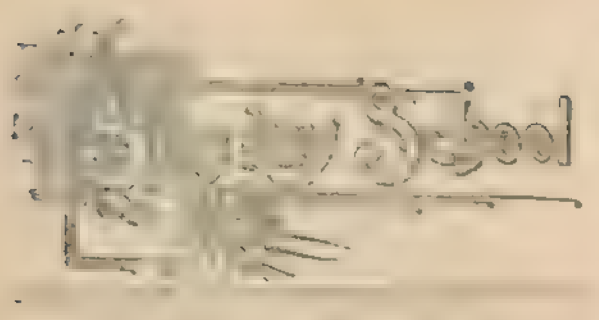
C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The answer to E. Ross's riddle, 'What is that which won't go up a stove-pipe, nor down a stove-pipe, but it will go up a stove-pipe down, and down a stove-pipe up? is an umbrella.

J. H. S. (11).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Little girl tending flowers.' J. Swan (11), E., Scotland.
2. 'Dolly and her skipping rope.' E. Stone, H., Ont.
3. 'The first train on the new track.' J. Ronald Orchard, M., Ont.
4. 'Johnnie-cake Cottage.' Frances E. Booth, L., Ont.
5. 'A little Dutch girl.' Alice M. MacRae, W., N.S.
6. 'A thought of June.' Dorothy L. Emery (12), St. T., Ont.
7. 'Locomotive No. 10.' Mary Agnes McDonald (14), N.S., C.B.
8. 'Flower vase.' Maggie McIntyre., Ont.
9. 'Tumbler and Japanese teapot.' Evelyn E. Oslen.
10. 'Book.' Emery D., N., Ont.
11. 'Seascape.' Willie Orchard (7), M., Ont.
12. 'Avon.' John McDonald, H., N.S.
13. 'Front view of steam engine.' Huntley Butler (13), S.H., Nfld.
14. Tobacco plant.' L. M. B., B., Ont.
15. 'Engine.' Gracie McLeod (8), S. B.



LESSON III.—APRIL 15, 1906.

Jesus' Power Over Disease and Death.

Luke vii., 1-17.

Golden Text.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.—John xi., 25.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 9.—Luke vii., 1-17.
Tuesday, April 10.—Luke vii., 18-35.
Wednesday, April 11.—John iv., 43-54.
Thursday, April 12.—I. John v., 1-21.
Friday, April 13.—John xi., 32-45.
Saturday, April 14.—Luke viii., 40-56.
Sunday, April 15.—Matt., viii., 1-13.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

There lay Capernaum, projecting into the blue depths of Tiberias, its basalt-built houses standing in relief against a deep-green background, its quays fringed with shipping. What a hum of art and traffic! What greed of power, gain and pleasure! Religion? There was none, save that of phylacteries and fringes—an ecclesiasticism fast losing grip upon its own, and failing in any considerable extent to command respect of foreigners. . . . But in this night of irreligion, in this most unexpected place, a cereus of faith burst in radiant bloom. In the garrison, a proverb of dissipation; in the commander's quarters, characterized by imperial hauteur, is found a humane, humble, benevolent, believing soul, the moral beauty of which causes an ejaculation of surprise and admiration from Jesus' lips. . . . The pious spirit of the centurion is feeling after God, if haply he may find Him. He is ready to discard his own worn-out religion for a better faith. He overcomes that strongest of passion, the racial prejudice. He is ready to sit down with these hook-nosed, oily-skinned Jews, and scan their musty scrolls, if only there He may find the way of life. Increasing wealth has not made a niggard of him. He builds these serfs of his emperor a synagogue, the chiselled marbles of which, lately uncovered, prove it one of the most beautiful and costly ever erected. Trained in the cruel school of war, yet he can not see his slave suffer without compunction. So far is he above the Roman spirit which sees a slave a thing rather than a man . . . He displays a remarkable appreciation of the character of Jesus. He is not offend- at his humble origin. He make- no disparaging allusion to Nazareth. He believes the Master's power may have an extra-Israelitish display; can be exercised even upon a heathen's drudge. Overwhelmed with a consciousness of unworthiness, he prefers his request by proxy, not in person. Seeing the Master approach, he sends another deputation to Him in haste. Aware of the Hebrew ideas of ceremonial pollution, he will not expose [illegible] to such danger by asking him to enter a Gentile house, especially as there are [illegible]. Jesus, too, is an [illegible] character. At his cries doors will [illegible] and welcome. No wonder Jesus panegyrizes such faith. He hastens to embalm it in his praise. [illegible] Capernaum's decline, its [illegible] by [illegible] of the name of 'the centurion.' The [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Publican's Odd Bits.

There is a man in Hertfordshire who patronizes a certain public-house, and the publican sent him some scraps of meat, so he went to thank him for them. Uncle Edward thinks this is worth recording in verse. So here goes:—

Thanks—many thanks, O Landlord kind,
For those nice bits of bacon rind
And mutton bones, to stew.
I know not how to show my thanks
For such a plate of mutton shanks—
What can I do for you?

I'll come and drink, day after day;
I'll leave my work—yes, that's the way
To show how glad I am;
For when my children had the croup
You sent them lovely ham-bone soup,
With flavor of the ham.

And now you've sent them all these scraps—
They're easier digested p'raps
Than your great ribs of beef—
Your kindness is beyond all praise,
You are so thoughtful in your ways
In granting us relief.

I never saw so kind a man,
I'll struggle for you all I can
To help you to pay your rent.
Last week I earned a pound or more,
And that I add to your store,
And felt it nobly spent.

Next week I'll go to work again,
And labour on with might and main
To earn another lot,
And you shall have it every bit,
For none at home are needing it—
They certainly are not.

They have no boots; but never mind,
Their feet are shoes and socks combined,
The sort that Adam wore.
And when the landlord calls for rent,
He just is told, 'The money's spent,'
And then he finds the door.

Such trifling things as wood and coals,
And little garments full of holes,
They are not worth a thought;
I only feel a thrill of joy
To serve you well, you dear old boy,
And so indeed I ought.

For what you've done, I will be bound,
You'll do for others all around,
Who find you legs of mutton;
So let teetotal go its way,
Don't mention it to me, I say—
It isn't worth a button.

Its canting songs and feeble hymns,
And all its foolish little whims,
They have no charm for me;
But just a glimpse of your dear face,
A benefactor of your race,
I always long to see.

So 'Here's your health for all you've done.'—
I toast the company every one
Who use the 'Pig and Whistle.'
If near my house you chance to be,
Do call upon my wife and me,
And help us to eat the gristle.

—'Irish League Journal.'

When the overworked man of business having been on his legs all day, and feeling fit to drop, with a sensation of 'all-goneness' about the region of the stomach, rouses himself with whatever he is in the habit of taking, be it whiskey, champagne, or even tea or coffee, he does not add one atom of force to his stock of energy, although he fancies he does, but having put to sleep his sense of weariness, simply appropriates some of his reserve for the present necessity. He has accepted a bill at short date to which a ruinous rate of interest is attached, and his resources will not allow him to make many repetitions of the experiment. His account at the bank of life will soon be withdrawn. Alcohol cannot add one iota to his reserve of nervous energy, but it may delude him into exhausting it. The busy man should once for all rid himself of this fancy that he can create by artificial means an abnormal store of brain power. He cannot enlarge the limits which nature has set up.—Dr. Henschell, of London, in his recent work on 'Health Troubles of City Life.'

He was Converted Through a Daughter's Love.

(The Rev. H. J. Coker, D.D., Emporia, Kan.)

From observation, I can never forget a case in my earlier ministry. He was a son, a husband, and a father, but had forgotten the loving responsibilities of these sacred relationships. Poor man! Liquor had done its awful work all too well. Through it he had cost his father a fortune, and had caused the death of his mother and wife. All that was left him was a beautiful, flaxen-haired, seven-year-old daughter—lovely child—whom everybody pitied. Yet Lulu was to be the means of his conversion. It was on this wise: One day, looking through the window, she saw her father coming home, staggering drunk. This was not unusual, yet an unusual feeling came to her. Instead of hiding away in fear, she went to meet her drunken father. She was broken-hearted. Blinded with her tears, she came up to him, paused a moment, then leaped upon him, threw her arms around his neck, and while crying as though her little heart would burst, she sobbed out: 'Papa! I will give my little life for you if you will only stop drinking.' The man was dazed by this startling, though loving attack. It sobered him. A few nights after (a Methodist revival being in progress) his little daughter led him triumphantly to the altar (may we ever use it) and, amid the gladsome heartbursts of a multitude of friends, he was saved.

Red Rum.

(By Henry Irving Dodge, in the 'National Advocate.')

We were standing at the counter of one of the sumptuous bar-rooms of San Antonio.

Barclay had a ranch to sell, and the two Englishmen with us had offered him a very handsome price for it. I was the broker in the transaction.

We met at 'Dan's place' by appointment, and I hoped to conclude the deal at once, as a fat commission stared me in the face. It was twelve o'clock outside—but in 'Dan's place' no account was ever kept of time.

The Englishmen were a couple of sturdy, red-faced, high-booted fellows, with a good deal of the 'sport' in their natures. They were thoroughly Texanized, and could gamble or drink with the best or worst plainsmen. Our friends had just made some very profitable trades, and were by no means inclined to omit the function usually described as [illegible]

'Dan' put out glasses for four, and a bottle of old rye, in a very proper anticipation of our order. The [illegible] and myself turned out a good 'three fingers' into our glasses, but Barclay hesitated. I shoved the bottle along to him. 'I think I'll take sarsaparilla,' he said, quietly.

The Englishmen glanced at each other significantly. 'We're not buying soft drinks today, partner,' said Todd.

I looked at Barclay. He was evidently agitated, and I began to feel very nervous.

'Come, old chap,' exclaimed Todd, slapping him on the back, 'this is a big transaction, and deserves christening in something better than stained water.'

I nudged Barclay. 'For goodness' sake, old man, don't let a drink of whiskey stand in the way.' I was trembling, lest some foolish slip in the deal should happen. The Englishmen had paused with half lifted glasses, and were looking impatiently at Barclay. Suddenly he straightened himself up to his full height. His face was full of a new determination. His left hand reached out and grasped the bottle; and, pouring out a good stiff drink, he raised it to his lips and turned with a smile to the Englishmen. They nodded their approval of his action. A strange thing then occurred. Barclay took off his hat and looked into the crown of it for a moment; he turned very pale. Then he set the untouched liquor upon the bar again. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'you'll have to pardon any seeming unsociability, but I cannot drink liquor.'

We were all astonished at Barclay's action. Todd, who by this time was a little the worse for wear, swore a mighty oath and cried: 'If you can't drink with us, you can't trade with us—that's all'; and he banged his fist down on the table to emphasize what he had said.

Barclay turned to him; he was perfectly calm, but his face was very white. He saw the chance of recouping his fortunes slipping through his fingers—but he said, very slowly:

'Then the deal is off, gentlemen.'

To think that he would let a stupid, fanatical prejudice obstruct the opportunity, was too harrowing for words. I ground my teeth in silent rage. I felt my heart sink within me. In my impatience at the absurdity of his course, I could scarcely restrain a sudden impulse to grasp him roughly by the arm.

An embarrassed silence followed. I was secretly furious. Presently Barclay spoke. Addressing us all, he said:

'You are all reasonable men and will hear what I have to say. I'll admit I would like to trade with you, gentlemen, but the trade may go to the devil if I have to drink whiskey in order to make it. What annoys me most, however is that you may consider me an unsociable boor. I want you to listen—we'll take seats at one of these tables, and I'll tell you why I won't drink whiskey or any other alcoholic product.'

The independence of Barclay's sentiments, and the earnestness of his tone, compelled respect, and we took seats at the table indicated, and composed ourselves to listen.

He began: 'This is a story I have never told [illegible] it now, but Mr. —— (meaning me) has worked very hard in my interest, and I consider him entitled to my reasons for acting as I have in this matter. You may think it took courage to refuse the drink,—I tell you it would have taken a good deal more courage to have accepted it!' Then he stopped and fumbled in his pockets for a moment, saying: 'I have a few picturesque exhibits which go with the story. The first is this.' He drew from his inner waistcoat pocket a great leather pocketbook, and from one of its many compartments extracted a newspaper clipping, and, holding it up by one corner, allowed it to unfold itself, and then put it on the table before us. 'That's "Exhibit One,"' he remarked, eying us curiously, to see how we took it. For a moment, we stared in wild-eyed amazement at the great black words whose heavy lines covered the top of the column like a mourning band:

'GUILTY!'

That was the word.

The sub-caption ran on in the 'sky-rockety' style of the small western town: 'John Barclay, convicted of murder in the first degree.' And then, oh, horror! 'A most spectacular aerial performance anticipated. Sentence postponed through respect for the prisoner's aged mother, who dropped dead in the courtroom upon hearing the verdict.'

'That's nice stuff for a man to read about himself,' said Barclay, with a groan.

He folded the slip, put it back where it belonged, and produced another.

'Exhibit No. 2,' he said, in a matter-of-fact way; 'that looks more like business.' It read: 'Barclay to be hanged on the twenty-first instant.' It was dated 'the fourteenth,' many years ago.

[illegible] "murder" spelled backward.' Without waiting for an answer, he traced the letters of the word with his pencil in the order suggested.

'RED RUM!'

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD.

My Little Daughters Shoes.

Two little rough, worn, stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-trodden pair,
With striped stockings thrust within,
Lie just beside my chair.

Of very homely fabric they,
A hole is in each toe;
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some fifty cents or so.

And yet, this little, worn-out pair
Is richer far to me,
Than all the jewelled sandals are
Of eastern luxury.

This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is satin in my sight,
These little tarnished buttons shine
With all a diamond's light.

Search through the wardrobe of the world!
You shall not find me there
So rarely made, so richly wrought,
So glorious a pair.

And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form is moving beauty, and
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh,
Her rich, whole-hearted glee;
Her gentleness, her innocence,
And infant purity.

They tell me that her wavering steps
Will long demand my aid;
For the old road of human life
Is very roughly laid.

High hills and swift descents abound
And, on so rude a way,
Feet that can wear these coverings
Would surely go astray.

Sweet little girl! be mine the task
Thy feeble steps to tend.
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,
Thy playmate, and thy friend!

And when my steps shall faltering grow,
And thine be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age
In cheerful peace along!

—Charles James Sprague.

Easter Booklets and Easter Eggs.

(By Miss Ruth Virginia Sackett, in the New York 'Observer.')

At happy Easter time even the smallest gift brings cheer to the recipient, especially if fashioned by the one who sends it.

Flowers are always in harmony with the day—can anyone suggest a more appropriate offering than growing hyacinths in a box covered with moss green crepe paper sprayed with gold and white butterflies? A jardiniere suited to the plant it holds, a silver dish laden with graceful ferns, or, a gilded basket bearing 'garlands gay,' these are always welcomed by maid or matron, bachelor or benedict.

Next to flowers come booklets that can be made in many pretty ways, and let me say right here that before you commence your task have all your material in readiness so that you may accomplish much in a short time. You will want plenty of gold and silver paint, paste, pictures, watercolors, heavy writing paper, pads and plenty of bristol board. Much can be achieved by utilizing Easter cards for covers, or else pasting on parchment paper pictures and little cards on which are written greetings. On the inside leaves write a hymn or poem that is a favorite of the one who is to receive it, even clippings if neatly pasted on look well.

A most charming idea is to shape watercolor paper into two circles seven inches in diameter for covers, around the edge paint pink and white roses, then with a sharp knife cut away the paper to within half of their depth, insert inside one-half dozen leaves to correspond in shape to the outside, punch two holes at the top, tie together with a combination of white and pink ribbons, and paint on the first cover, 'A Joyous Easter,' in green; inside outline the roses in pink and gold, and on every page paint an Easter verse in dainty lettering.

The cover of a booklet may be of bristol board strewn over with little violets; the inside leaves of blue tinted note paper, with an Easter hymn delicately printed in gold and tied together with pale green ribbons. Sometime tiny Easter books are purchased at small cost, and after covering with paper adorned with flowers.

A booklet entitled 'A Garden of Flowers,' was sent to an invalid friend by a young girl who is somewhat of an artist. Two weeks before Easter, fifteen leaves of pure white paper, eight by ten inches, was distributed among as many loved ones of the shut-in with the request that every one write an original or quote a verse bringing in the name of a flower, then sign their name below. As soon as all were returned to the one who sent them, she skilfully painted the blossoms mentioned on the different pages and embellished the covers with buttercups and daisies, also an Easter greeting in silver outlined with pink. This exquisite gift was enclosed in white tissue paper, tied with lavender ribbons to which was attached a cluster of sweet smelling violets.

Sachets are always gladly received, for nearly every person can find a place for them. Flower sachets are lovely. Shape a circle of cardboard two inches in diameter, fit a cover to one side of yellow silk, on the reverse side form a raised cushion stuffed with sweet smelling cotton, top with yellow silk and paint a daisy centre large enough to cover the entire cushion; encircle the edge with loops of yellow baby ribbon.

Take two round paper lace-edged doilies, color the border in soft tints of pink, line the inside with cotton batting that has been scented with rose leaves, baste lightly together and stitch on the machine, just above the lace edge, two rows of pink silk, finish the centre with a cluster of artificial pink roses.

From cotton batting cut four butterfly wings of the desired size, make fragrant with sachet powder, wire the edges, cover each wing with thin yellow silk, and mark with black and gold paint. For the body roll the cotton in shape, and enclose in spangled gauze, sew on head eyes, likewise fine wire feelers, last of all bend to look as natural as possible.

Egg shell tokens are in accord with the day—surely nothing is more pleasing to the small men and women. Pierce the ends of the eggs with a rather coarse needle; with a blow pipe remove the contents, rinse and lay aside to become perfectly dry, when they can be filled with melted wax and adorned in various ways.

Secure a large goose egg, give a coating of pale blue, on one side paint a spray of white lilies, on the other side a quotation, 'Christ is risen to-day,' in green and silver.

A delightful suggestion for the Easter table decoration is to arrange in the centre a red enamelled basket laden with gay tulips, and intermingle with them golden eggs attached to short and long stems or wire wound with green tissue paper; on each egg have a different Easter couplet printed in red. Just before leaving the table, give each guest one to keep as a souvenir of the occasion. Let those present find their places by the means of eggs of gold, the name and date done in green, outlined with red.

How to Treat the Old Folks.

One reason why old people sometimes grow difficult and perverse and hard to live with as years increase is that they feel themselves of little use, and are afraid they are in the way. They need to be entertained. The cheery optimism of twenty-five is natural when the blood bounds in the veins, life is a pageant and you cannot count your friends; but to be gay at seventy-five is harder, for the lonesome years have found you out.

I would give the old lady or the old gentleman the brightest, coziest room in the house, but I would not expect him or her to stay there. Nor would I be on the alert every moment to save steps for the aged father or mother. They resent the best meant endeavors to save them from fatigue, and don't wish to be cared for as if they were children. Also, these gentle and pleasing attentions suggest their feebleness. It takes a good deal of tact to keep old and actively inclined people, who have no longer strength to be active, in a mood of contentment and tranquillity. But as we all shall, if we live so long, arrive where now they are, it is worth our while to be good to them—good and patient and jolly about it.—Mrs. Sangster, in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

What a Child Can Make For Easter.

An Easter token which will give almost as much pleasure in the making as the receiving, if childish taste and fingers may have a little of mamma's help at their task, is a Bible anagram. The motto itself is to be chosen first, of course—'Easter Greeting,' or 'Rejoice at Easter,' any of the conventional forms, or, better still, an Easter text—the Bible verse for each letter selected, and all copied out carefully in the neat, round hand that speaks so much affectionate painstaking. Red ink for the initials adds to the effect, and the whole can be mounted on cardboard with scrolls or flowers painted, traced, or pasted on, as suits the little giver's fancy. The work occupies a Sunday afternoon delightfully, and the selection of the verses can be made to show real appreciation and individuality. To limit the choice to one book—perhaps one of the Gospels—simplifies the tasks and gives unity to the result.

'See That Ye Despise Not One of These Little Ones.'

Matthew x., 10.

Edwin, with blouse torn and face and hands generously covered with soil, ran breathlessly toward his pretty young mother, who in crisp daintiness of fresh Summer attire sat on the hotel porch embroidering.

'Oh, mother!' he cried, 'they're digging a well near the stable and it's more fun! May I go barefoot?'

'You look disgraceful enough already,' said his mother as she carefully drew her white duck skirt away from his rather muddy shoes. 'I am ashamed of you. There's no use buying anything nice for you to wear. That handsome blue linen blouse is ruined. How did you tear it?'

'I was climbing a little ways on the windmill. I am sorry, mother,' was the meek reply; 'but mayn't I please go barefoot?'

'I suppose so; but don't come near me—I don't like pigs.' She turned from the dishevelled little fellow in disgust, and he walked slowly away, all his eager buoyancy departed.

'Wasn't he a sight?' said she to the elderly woman near her. 'Do you blame me for being annoyed?'

'Since you ask me, my dear, I must admit that I do.' The old lady's voice was gentle and her manner was almost apologetic, but the little boy's mother flushed under the mild gaze. 'I was sorry that you sent your son away feeling that he was in high disfavor. One can't expect healthy little boys to stay clean in the country, and clothes will tear now and then.'

'I wish my son to be a gentleman,' said the mother, coldly, as she took up her fancy-work and set her needle in precisely. For a few moments nothing was said, and then the elder woman softly touched the hand of the younger one.

'May I tell you a little story?' she asked.

'Why, yes, certainly.'

'I used to have very little patience with my little son when he would soil or muss his clothes, and I would often scold or punish him for being careless. Now, when I remember his baby cheeks streaked with dirt over which had coursed the tears that my harshness had caused, my arms ache to hold him and I long to ask his forgiveness.

'He was a manly little fellow, and he did try to please me, but one can't expect perfection of a four-year-old. Late one afternoon

he came in almost completely covered with mud. He had been sailing a tiny ship in a puddle in the yard. I was heartily ashamed of him, and I told him in no uncertain terms what I thought of his appearance, and I put him to bed early as a punishment. When he finished his usual evening prayer, he added,

'And, dear Dod, make me a dood boy if you possibly tan." I smiled, for I thought my severity was having its effect, and the pathos of the petition, which has wrung my heart ever since, didn't touch me then.

'It was twelve that night when a croupy cough startled me from my sleep, and at three o'clock in the morning, the doctor, who had worked over my boy for two hours, told me there was no hope. I took my darling in my arms and, choking back my sobs, told him as best I could that he was going to Heaven. "I isn't dood 'nough," he gasped. That was the end. My baby, my only baby, went from me feeling that he was not worthy to enter the home where little children are so lovingly bidden.'

Two frail old hands were suddenly clasped in two strong ones, and eyes whose tears were long since shed looked kindly into those that were now overflowing.

'I didn't mean to make you cry, my dear. I just wished to help you—to help you understand your little son.'

'You have helped me. Come with me, won't you? I wish to find him, and kiss him, dirt and all.'—'Advance'

Gray Days.

The woman who always wore a red housegown on dark, gloomy winter days, was wise. She realized how much the weather affects average mortal's spirits, and took this way of counteracting a sunless day. It was really wonderful what a genial influence radiated from that cheerful-hued gown; it seemed almost as if the sun had broken from his cloud-bondage every time the wearer entered the room. There was always a particularly bright smile which went with the dress; not forced for the occasion, either, for 'the lady in red,' knew that she looked particularly well in that bright garment. Sorry indeed is the woman who cannot smile, when she knows she is becomingly attired. Her friends used to laughingly tell her that they thought 'she prayed for rainy days,' so that she would have an excuse to wear the red gown.

But there was in this woman's heart a far deeper motive underlying this little matter of a red dress for a gray day—a bit of philosophy that could be studied with profit, especially by those who are sensitively alive to outside impressions. We cannot all wear bright garments, but a cheerful word or smile may brighten the face and find its reflection in the heart of someone who may be vainly trying to resist the all-conquering dullness of a drab-colored day.

Through the chill, gloomy gray of a sad, sunless day,
Tearful eyes looked in sorrow,
Down the long sodden ways trooped the dark yesterdays—
Not a hope for the morrow.

Bright sunbeams astray shone o'er the day;
There's gladness to borrow!
So, begone, yesterdays, with your dark, hopeless ways—
There's a golden to-morrow!

—'Christian Herald.'

Which Boiled First.

There is as much difference in boys as will be found in men, some being quick to observe the importance of common things and others paying no attention whatever to anything they meet from day to day. Alfred Brown is the name of a boy living in Brooklyn. He is interested in natural science, but cares very little for stories and poetry. He is what may be termed an original, practical boy, and is constantly on the lookout for 'points' as he terms it. While he is an ardent student of electricity, having invented many machines and appliances for his own special use, he devotes much of his time to studying watches, clocks, engines, printing presses and other useful articles. He is not satisfied to simply read about the wonders that are to be found in ordinary things, but he is experimenting at odd times to get practical evidence. Not long ago his mother bought a new kettle for the cook, and instantly he went to the kitchen.

'Well, well,' said Mary, 'now what be ye wanting,' Master Alfred?'

'I have something to tell you,' he replied.

'About what?'

'About that kettle. If you are in a hurry, you'd better use the old one.'

'Go along wid yez,' said Mary laughingly.

'Well, let us see,' said Alfred. 'Fill the old one and the new one with water and put them on the stove at the same time. If the water in the old one doesn't begin to boil first I will give you a box of candy.'

To gratify the boy, Mary followed Alfred's instructions, and, to his amazement and chagrin, the water in the old kettle began to boil much quicker than that in the new one.

'It bates all,' said Mary. 'Now why is that?'

'That's very simple,' said Alfred. 'It is because the old kettle is covered with soot, which not only keeps the heat in, but absorbs it quickly from the fire. It takes a new kettle of water longer to get hot because the bottom is clean and bright. Polished metal does not absorb heat, but reflects or throws it off. I read about it one night and proved it the next day when you were out.'—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

List of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award.

for the week ending Saturday, March 24.

Monday, March 19th.—Jean Duncan, Greely, Ont	$1.50
Tuesday, March 20th.—C. F. Cross, Smith's Falls, Ont	2.55
Wednesday, March 21st.—G. Cooper, Lower Island Cove, Nfld..	4.05
Thursday, March 22nd.—Mrs. A. A. Gates, Amherst, N.S...	6.15
Friday, March 23rd.—Jas. Telford, Owen Sound, Ont..	6.50
Saturday, March 24th.—Colin Cameron, St. Louis, Mo..	10.00

Selected Recipes.

KENT WAFERS.—One cup Graham flour, one cup white flour, half cup butter. Mix very stiff with milk; add one spoonful sugar. Roll as thin as a wafer, cut in rounds, and bake in a slow oven; prick them well before putting them in the oven.

CREAM SALMON.—One can of salmon minced fine, drain off the liquor and throw away. For the dressing, boil one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Have ready one pint of fine bread crumbs, place a layer in the bottom of the dish, then a layer of fish, then a layer of dressing, and so on, having crumbs for the last layer. Bake until brown.

SWEET POTATOES FRIED WITH BACON.—Cold sweet potatoes are delicious fried with pork or bacon. Fry eight ounces of thinly sliced pork or bacon, transfer to a hot dish, and fry in the drippings of a quart of potatoes which have been boiled, peeled and sliced, rather less than half an inch thick.

CROQUETTES.—Take three cupsful of mealy, mashed, baked sweet potatoes, and while beating with a four-pronged fork as you would whip eggs, add slowly a tablespoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt and pepper, and a gill of cream. Mold into small cork-shaped croquettes, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard or drippings.

CHICKEN TOAST.—Chicken toast is delicious as a breakfast dish, or is nice for lunch. Chop fine two tablespoonsful of cold chicken, boil in sufficient water to make a cup of the whole, thicken slightly with corn starch in melted butter, pour over a slice of nicely toasted bread, and serve hot.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly)

To Separate Addresses.

Single copy 40c
Three copies to separate addresses $1.00
Four copies to separate addresses.. .. .. 1.20
More than four at the rate of thirty cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLUBS.

Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum.

Postage.

Five months' trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus, also to the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands, and Philippine Islands.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above, add 50c a copy postage.

Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.
Publishers, Montreal.

BUFFALO ROBE.

Buffalo Robe or set wanted. Must be in good condition, except for lining, which does not matter. State cash price to DAVID E. GREEN, P.O. Box 2231.

THE BABY'S OWN

$12 WOMEN'S SPRING SUITS $4.50

MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $15.00. Jackets, Reefers, Waists and Skirts at manufacturers' prices.
Send for Samples, Cloths and Fashions to No. 1.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Canada.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Wise Answers.

A sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales with difficult questions he had prepared, put the following, to which Thales answered without hesitation:—

What is the oldest of things?—God, for He existed always.

What is the most beautiful?—The world, for it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things?—Space, for it contains all things.

What is the most constant?—Hope, for it remains when all else is fled.

What is the best of all things?—Virtue, for without it there is nothing.

What is the quickest?—Thought, in a minute it can reach the end of the universe.

What is the strongest?—Necessity, it makes men face all dangers.

What is the easiest?—To give advice.

What ns the most difficult?—To take advice.

—'Am. Paper.'

How to Become a Christian.

The Rev. G. B. F. Hallock relates an incident in the 'Evangelist' which shows how simple the way to God is:

The father of a little girl was once in great trouble on account of his sins. He lay awake, after going to bed one night, in fear and dread. His little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed. Presently she began to move uneasily.

'Papa, papa!' she called.

'What is it, my darling?' he asked.

'Oh, papa, it's so dark! Take Nellie's hand.'

He reached out and took her tiny little hand, clasping it firmly in his own.

A sigh of relief came from her throbbing heart. At once she was quiet and comforted. Almost instantly the father became conscious that his little child had taught him a lesson, and the Holy Spirit made it full of meaning to him.

'Oh, my Father, my Savior,' he cried, 'it is dark, very dark in my soul. Take my hand, take my hand-' and he turned to Jesus and found joy and peace in believing. So will it be with every one who sincerely turns and trusts.

The Precious Stones.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a large collection of precious stones of immense value. There were diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and gems from all parts of the world, which had been gathered at great labor and expense. 'And yet,' said the nobleman, 'although they are worth so much money, they yield me no income.' The friend replied that he had two stones which cost him only a few pounds. Yet they yielded him a very considerable annual income. The nobleman was surprised, and desired to see these wonderful stones. So his friend led him down to a mill, and, pointing to two toiling grey mill-stones, said, 'These are the stones I told you about.' They were grinding the grains of wheat into snowy white flour. These two dull homely stones were doing more good than all the nobleman's precious jewels.—Ada Siford.

A Covenanter's Courage.

If we had lived when Graham of Claverhouse was scouring Scotland in search of the brave Covenanters, that he might drag them to prison or death for reading the Bible or meeting for prayer or praise, one day we might have seen, walking leisurely along, a young Scotch laddie. He has a book in his hand, and he is absorbed in its contents.

But hark! what is that sound of clattering hoofs and clash of armor? It is a band of that dreaded soldiery in search for the rebels, so called. Soon they are up with the boy.

'What is that you have in your hand?' demands the leader of the troop.

'It's the Bible,' comes from the firm young lips.

'Thraw it in the ditch!' savagely shouts the fierce captain.

'I wunna.'

'Thraw it in the ditch, I say!'

'I wunna,' says the pale-faced yet firm young soldier of Christ, clasping his precious treasure yet close to his bosom.

The brutal captain, fierce with rage at being thus defied by a 'wee braw laddie,' hisses out, 'If ye dinna thraw it in yon ditch, I'll shoot ye!'

But Jesus Christ is with the boy, and though death is staring him in the face, he simply replies, 'I canna, wunna!'

'Fire, men!' shouts the infuriated leader; and the soft heather receives the warm life-blood of the youthful martyr.

No Claverhouse rides over the land now but there are plenty of schoolfellows to sneer at those who 'set themselves up to be better than other people,' and it sometimes takes more courage to stand a taunt or a curl of the lip than it does to bear a blow. Let no one force you to give up your Bible-reading, or, what is better still, your Bible-living.

About a Ladder.

Men dispute most concerning things of which they know least. Some one tells us that a ladder was cast upon an island in the Pacific Ocean. The Islanders labored hard to understand its purpose, and finally settled in two great parties; one asserted that the rungs were made to keep the sides apart, the other claiming that the object of the rungs was to keep the sides together. Some thought it was a fence, some a skeleton raft, but all took sides in the dispute as to the object of the rungs. Finally a shipwrecked sailor was driven ashore and he settled the ladder question by putting it against a tree and climbing it, showing that the rungs were the main things, and the sides were there to hold them in place.

'Jesus Touched Him.'

One of the electric bells in my house lately refused to ring. I could not discover the cause. A bell-hanger, after some time spent over it, found that right up under the bell, so small as to be almost imperceptible, was a place where the point of contact was lost. That was the trouble.

And so it is often in the church of Christ. Your batteries are all right in the cellar, your wires and machinery all right. But the point of contact is often defective. That, in my judgment, is where the great work of the kingdom of God is to come in—the point of contact. Follow the footsteps of Christ and you will see that it was through the point of contact that He did His work. It was through the marvellous touch of the Son of God. We must go back to first principles and we find the difficulty just there. There was never better working force, never better principles in the church of Christ than there are to-day. I believe we shall see a brighter day yet for the church.—The Rev. Cortland Meyers, D.D.

Value of Silence.

In one of Dr. Burton's lectures the following advice was given to the young ministers: 'When trouble is brewing, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still; till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look over it without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength to its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.'

'Marching Orders.'

The Duke of Wellington was a man of few words; but when he spoke, he spoke to the point. On one occasion some remarks were made in his presence by those who ought to have known better, reflecting on Missionary work. After listening to what was said, the Duke turned suddenly round and, with reproving emphasis, asked the objectors the startling question: 'What are your marchings orders? Are they not these—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?"'

OUR MAIL BAG.

Hill Head, Mt., Lachute, Que. March 22.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find renewal for the 'Witness.' We have had it in our home for many years and find it impossible to do without it. Wishing you every success, and many more prosperous years, I am, yours truly.

L. M. STALKER.

The Manse. Baddeck. C.B., March 19.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find my subscription for another year for the 'Daily Witness.' The 'Witness' is my favorite newspaper. I have taken it for many years. As a general thing, I enjoy its editorials, on the great questions of the day, because they are clear and straightforward, fair and of great ability. If not too late, I extend hearty congratulations on attaining your Diamond Jubilee.

THE REV. D. McDOUGALL.

Prescott, Ont., March 19.

Dear Sirs,—While congratulating you upon the long and eminently useful life of the Montreal 'Witness,' I wish to say that my father was one of your first subscribers. I was then in my thirteenth year, and I well remember how eagerly we looked for the coming of the 'Weekly Witness.' My parents were wise for themselves and their children when they began, and continued taking your valuable family paper. It furnished their large family with interesting reading, and greatly aided in stimulating a taste for literature of a high moral tone. Your honored father and yourselves deserve the gratitude of the many families in Canada and elsewhere whom you have helped to see that Christian principles embodied in business life lead to success of the highest, truest type. Yours is the privilege to cultivate an ever widening field. Gratefully yours.

(MRS.) MARY E. HAMMOND.

Missoula, Montana, March 13.

Dear Sirs,—Let me congratulate you on having reached your Diamond Jubilee without a stain on your journalistic career. I have read the 'Witness' since 1854. Hoping you may long be spared to hold up to the world your publications for truth and righteousness. I am your friend and well-wisher.

WILLIAM JAMIESON.

Westmount, Que., March 8.

Dear Sir,—I thought I would like to add my testimony to the value of the 'Witness.' I cannot remember when the 'Witness' was not in our home, and when I was able to read well enough, used to read it every night to my father. No other daily paper can replace the 'Witness' in our home. I read it every night, and as I am a member of the W. C. T. U. can appreciate and admire its stand on the temperance question. Long may it stand for all that is good and great. I remain, yours congratulatory.

JULIA A. WINGHAM.
(Mrs. John Wingham.)

Prescott, Ont., March 22.

Dear Sirs,—In renewing my subscription to the 'Daily Witness' I wish to join with your many friends and readers in sincere congratulations on the attainment of your very excellent paper to its jubilee year. May its usefulness continue to spread, and its influence, which has always been for righteousness and Christian citizenship, continue to be a mighty power for good in the many homes of the land where it is read.

Yours truly.

W. A. LOGAN.

Millfield, Que., March 14.

Dear Sir,—The 'Witness' has come regularly to this homestead for over half a century, and we wish to express unfeigned admiration for its elevated moral tone. Yours for truth,

M. A. McKILLOP.

Ottawa, March 19.

Dear Sir,—Kindly find enclosed my subscription for 'Daily Witness.' May I add an expression of congratulation upon your Diamond Jubilee? Since graduating from college ten years ago the 'Witness' has come into my study every morning with its splendid utterances in behalf of the best things for some and native land. I trust when my diamond jubilee year comes to still find myself a subscriber and well-wisher of the 'Witness.' Faithfuly yours,

(Rev.) HAROLD J. HORSEY.

The Maple Leaf for Ever and Everyone

The happy suggestion that everyone, old and young, throughout the Dominion should wear a Maple Leaf on Empire Day and Dominion Day, is gaining ground like wild-fire, and you will not want to be without one. If you get our Maple Leaf Pin you will be proud of it as well as of the day you celebrate.

DAY OR SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS BADGES AND PINS

greatly increase the esprit de corps—the fellowship of the members of any class or school. Nothing could be more appropriate than our fine colored hard enamel Canadian Maple Leaves. These are exceedingly dainty and pretty and would serve to pin on a small silk Union Jack for Empire Day, a badge bearing the arms of your Province for Dominion Day, and scholars will find it the right thing to hold their school or class colors safe and fast.

PRICE FOR SINGLE PINS.

The price for these brooch or stick or cravat pins ranges in the city stores from twenty-five to thirty cents, but we are able to send these pins postpaid for the remarkably low price of twenty cents each, because, knowing that thousands of our readers will want them, we have made special arrangements with the largest manufacturers to supply their needs. Each person who remits for a pin is entitled to order the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Northern Messenger' for one month free trial to any single address they like in the Dominion.

BE A LEADER IN YOUR CLASS.

GET HALF PRICE ON QUANTITIES.

Send twenty cents for a sample stick pin or brooch pin and we will promptly send it to you—then call a meeting of the boys and girls at recess—show them your pin and tell them that if they will each pay you ten cents for a pin or brooch we will send them promptly, and if the order is for ten or more we will include with each pin a silk Union Jack to wear with the pin on Empire Day, a silk badge bearing their Provincial Coat of Arms for Dominion Day, and that beside all this we will send the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Northern Messenger' for one month free of all charge to each one of the class whose name is sent us with the order as having bought a pin—the pins and brooches will, however, all be sent in one package registered to the address of the one remitting the money. Act promptly. Don't let your school be behind in this important matter.

Maple Leaf Order Form for all.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Please find enclosed the sum of twenty cents for Maple Leaf ..... Pin in fine hard colored enamel.

NAME.	POST OFFICE ADDRESS AND PROVINCE.
Send Pin to.....	.....
Send Witness and Homestead to.....	.....
Send Messenger to.....	.....

No extra charge is to be made for the papers which are being sent on trial to those who have not taken them.

Special Notice to Scholars. Scholars sending for these pins as a sample to show to their classes will please give the name of their class teacher and also the name of the school. Those who do will receive an extra premium free of charge.